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BY

M. MITCHELL.

YARMOUTH:
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1796.

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	15,		1,	gazer	hearer
			6,	sleeps	slept
	16,		6,	view'd	view
			13,	immortalize	immortaliz'd
			14,	stamp	stampt
	19,		20,	gives	give
			21,	to	of
	22,		4,	Lunar	Luna
	30,		23,	helpless	hapless
	33,		25,	e'en	loud
	35,		5,	much	meek
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TO MARIA;

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

SUSPENCE is o'er—the sainted spirit flies
To better worlds in yon cerulean skies.
Though short, yet mark'd by pain, her earthly date,
The little victim early bow'd to fate;
Shrunk from life's touch, mortality's dread gloom,
And sought the chill embraces of the tomb.
Yet now, methinks, upborne on yonder cloud,
Sprung from death's pomp, the sepulchre, and shroud,
The beauteous angel tastes the cup of bliss,
And from celestial worlds looks down on this.
Ah lovely babe! if such thy happy lot,
If life, and all its sorrows are forgot,
Why, why should weeping friends lament that here
Few were thy days, soon fill'd thy short career?
Why should they mourn because a beauteous flow'r,
A tender plant was wither'd in an hour?
Though pois'nous mildews here its charms decay'd,
There, in a kinder soil, it ne'er shall fade:

But in that garden ceaseless odours shed,
Where lingering storms ne'er bruise the lowly head.
Why then, Maria, still does tort'ring woe,
Uncheck'd, unsolac'd, cloud thy youthful brow?
Why unrestrain'd? e'en as the rushing flood
Destroys the bounds which once its force withstood,
Sweeps o'er the plain—destruction in its rear,
And blasts the labours of the ripen'd year;
Gives ev'ry promis'd joy to pale decay,
And bears, resistless, smiling hope away.

For thy lov'd Emma, then, no longer mourn;
Lo! from her breast is pluck'd the sharpen'd thorn.
Though late ye view'd her on the bed of death,
Trac'd the last pulse, deplor'd the fleeting breath,
Saw struggling nature from her seat depart,
And watch'd the last emotions of the heart,
Know, she whom then ye view'd a lifeless clod,
Is a pure angel now restor'd to God;
Wafted to him on smiling cherubs' wings,
As silver streams flow to their parent springs,
Meander yet awhile to charm the view:
So to her sire the sainted cherub flew.

Why then lament? oh think how oft on earth,
Bliss is deny'd e'en to the pray'rs of worth!
With longer life your Emma might but know
Encreasing cares, a larger share of woe!

Perhaps been doom'd (for death on all attends)
To mourn her parents, weep her tend'rest friends;
See those she lov'd, soon call'd from earth away;
She, sorrowing left, without one cheering ray;
Perhaps, like you, had seen an infant dear,
Untimely stretch'd upon the sable bier.
Or (grief more keen!) perhaps had felt the smart,
The cank'ring pang of guilt's envenom'd dart.
Poignant remorse had giv'n the day to grief,
Night would have come, but come without relief;
Days, months, and years had then been pass'd in sighs,
'Till sad repentance taught her pray'rs to rise,
'Till keen remorse had bade those tears to stray,
Celestial mercy only wipes away.
With pallid cheek, from which the rose had fled,
With joyless eye where hope no lustre shed,
Her heart with grief, her soul with anguish torn,
Her bended knees by supplication worn,
Too late she learn'd that fix'd decree of fate,
The road to peace is through death's gloomy gate.
Ah then rejoice that beauteous Emma's flown
Whilst spotless purity was yet her own;
Whilst nor remorse, nor guilt had caus'd a sigh,
Nor sad repentance dimm'd her lustrous eye;
'Ere she had known, the greedy, gaping tomb
Might her fond parents, tend'rest friends inhume;

Before the thought had reach'd her infant mind,
That pow'r oppressive, envy, still unkind,
That hatred, malice, or affliction's dart
Can strike with vengeful force the tender heart,
Can hurl fair peace from off her placid throne,
And leave the breast a prey to grief alone!
Ah thankful learn that far from aught like these,
The happy cherub endless glory sees;
For in that land where sorrow never trod,
She dwells with peace, with angels, and with God.
Oh then do you, with holy faith prepare,
To meet in heav'n a spirit free from care.
Know, that on earth your boasted cup of joy
At best is mix'd, her's is without alloy.
An endless source of happiness and peace,
Bliss still unchang'd, and pleasures which encrease,
Life, which like purest currents tranquil flows,
Days spent in joy, in calm, in sweet repose,
Progressive years which new-born raptures see,
Know, these in heav'n, await the good and thee!

TO ———

FROM out the deep, where stands her chrystal cave,
Britannia rose, and skimm'd the silent wave;
A smile of joy sat on her grief-worn brow,
And lost was ev'ry trace of latent woe.

Soon on the beach she takes her destin'd stand,
And views, with eager eye, her chosen land;
Then calls her son—and bids him quick prepare
To guard his country's rights with ceaseless care.

"————" she cry'd, "defend her injured fame,
"And shew thou'rt worthy of thy honour'd name;
"Bid loud oppression, and injustice cease,
"And call from distant realms affrighted peace.

"Lo! how my people stain the hostile field,
"My darling people! seldom taught to yield.
"Lo! bloody carnage stalks the plains elate,
"And views, with joyous eye, the work of fate.

"But thou, my son, thy country's guardian friend,
"Shalt bid grim war, and all its horrors end;

"Shalt close once more the long devouring grave,
"And stretch thine arm with eager joy to save.

"Go, then, triumphant in the patriot cause,
"And taste that best reward, thy heart's applause;
"Virtue thy brows shall crown with endless bays,
"And peace, once more, here shed her orient rays."

THE COMPLAINT.

Despairing, sad, forlorn I roam,
A peaceful spot to find,
Unwilling dragg'd from my fond home,
I bear a widow'd mind.

Unfeeling christian! hate me not,
'Twas sorrow taught complaint,
Sorrow, which soon will be forgot,
I droop, alas! I faint.

For thee I toil'd o'er barren sands,
And willing dug for gold,
For thee I stretch'd my ready hand;
Is it for this I'm sold?

Since there's a God in heav'n above,
(And thou hast taught me so)

That God must sure delight in love,
  And what thou dost must know.

Has he not bid thee chear the heart
  By deep affliction bow'd,
And sweetly-soothing hope impart,
  To chase pale sorrow's cloud?

Has he not bid thee spread thy store
  To poverty and pain?
To houseless wretches ope thy door,
  Nor let them plead in vain?

Although my skin is not like thine,
  My feelings are the same;
Thy pow'rs, thy hopes, thy God is mine,
  Ah! what is then a name?

A savage I,—a christian thou,
  So dost thou wisely term;
Oh shew thyself a christian now,
  And shield a wretch from harm!

In vain I ask—no soothing sound
  Will bid poor Yanko rest,
No friendly hand is stretch'd around
  To warm his frozen breast.

Go! cheerful day; no more I ask
  Thy renovating light,
For grief has finish'd Yanko's task,
  He flies to gloomy night.

Come sable clouds and hide his head
  Beneath some friendly sod,
Come Hope, to cheer his lowly bed,
  And lift his heart to God.

For in yon skies, where joys ne'er fade,
  Where Afric's sons are blest,
Sweet peace, beneath some tam'rind shade,
  Shall lull the soul to rest.

HOPE;

ADDRESSED TO MRS. COOPER.

HAIL smiling vision! hail sustaining hope!
Thou magic portress of each wish'd-for joy!
What vivid hues beneath thy touch arise,
What bliss at thy command the bosom greets;
When thy light pinions soar to higher spheres,
And thine eye dart beyond cerulean bounds,
What joys, unmix'd, delight the mental view,

What raptures ceaseless, and what peace refin'd!
E'en though pale grief, perch'd like some direful fiend,
In the deep chambers of the sighing heart,
Draws her dark curtains, ev'ry joy to hide;
Yet even there thy sweet propitious smile,
Like the kind beam which breaks through winter clouds,
Sheds a mild lustre, and dispels the gloom.
In thy bright mirror, who but looks, is blest!
The eager merchant there beholds the wealth,
He deems the recompence of toiling years.
There, tranquil shores, where rocks neer lurk unseen,
Still greet the wand'ring sailor's safe return.
The toiling slave there sees a place of rest,
And views the land where he shall yet be free.
He there beholds the happy sweet abode,
Where proud oppression never lifts her rod.
Where the rich tam'rind gives her plenteous store,
And the sweet cocoa fills the nectar'd bowl;
Where ev'ry morning dawns to deeds of fame,
And ev'ry night is crown'd with sweet repose.
Where the fond maid, long to his bosom dear,
Shall meet his love with soft, with sweet return—
She, who so lately from her kindred torn,
To 'scape from cruelty and harden'd pow'r,
Plung'd in the wave, and found a wat'ry grave.

Not e'en the fearful din of hostile arms,
The hollow drum, the cannon's thund'ring roar,
Nor the loud call which from the clarion flies,
When "arms, to arms," is echoed through the field,
Can bid thee e'er refuse thy wonted aid,
Or chase thee, fearful, from the threat'ning scene.
Lo! yonder soldier stalking ranks of death,
Whilst groans of agony assail his ears,
And sighs of anguish pass with ev'ry wind,
Yet, yet he deems that he shall 'scape the storm,
Nor feel the arrow's fate is darting round.
Soft in his ear thou talk'st of battles won,
Of laurel wreaths which wait his honour'd brow.
The name of conqu'ror, thou proclaimst is his:
Quick beats his bosom to the call of fame,
And vict'ry hails him in the cannon's roar;
The trophy'd car he fancies now he mounts,
And prostrate millions sue for life to him.
Nor can the mournful prison's darken'd cell,
Exclude thy bright, delusive, cheering ray!
Thy silver radiance gilds the midnight couch,
Where sickness pines unpity'd and unseen.
Thou op'st captivity's long-bolted doors,
And shew'st those joys which banish ev'ry care:
Giv'st to the husband's arms the tender wife,
To the fond parent shew'st the smiling boy;
Tell'st them of pleasures which shall yet be their's,

Of joys reserv'd in store for them alone;
When creditors, unkind, no more oppress,
And want and pain no longer shall assail.
How oft when keenest pangs my soul have press'd,
When pale adversity has dimm'd my eye,
And sorrow flow'd in channels down my cheek,
Hast thou, sweet hope, some future pleasure shew'd,
Some view, balsamic, ev'ry wound to heal.
Yes, though dependance with her downcast look,
With her deep-link'd, her iron chain appear'd,
And on my fate the grating fetters threw,
Yet ev'ry thought, indignant, spurn'd her pow'r,
Rose from oppression e'en with double force,
Still clung to thee, and firmly dar'd be free.
E'en when frail fortune, when ungen'rous friends,
Who, as contagious, shun the house of woe,
And deem th' afflicted, and the guilty one,
Fled from my sight, and ah! returned no more;
Yet thou, sweet antidote! wast ever near.
Like the fond ivy which the oak entwines,
Which time ne'er severs, which more firmly clings
In the loud howling of the wintry blast;
So to my bosom wast thou doubly dear,
When chill adversity its venom pour'd.
The form thou chose, fond gratitude reveres,
And humbly offers this poor meed of thanks.

Oh Cooper! born to soothe, to charm, to bless!
How many hearts will join my fervent pray'r,
And beg kind heav'n to shed its smiles on thee!
May such pure joys as thou hast oft dispens'd,
To thee return, an unextinguish'd source!
Oh may thy life in sweet content be pass'd,
Thy tranquil hours glide in unclouded bliss.
And ah! when fate to other worlds shall call,
When life's pure current shall begin to ebb,
And death, with icy hand, unbars the tomb,
Short be thy passage to the realms of bliss,
And soft the stream which wafts thy soul to heav'n!
May kindred spirits hail thy glad return,
And angels ope the gates of peace to thee!

ON LEAVING ———

Adieu regretted scene of pleasures past!
Your dear remembrance, long as life, shall last,
In ev'ry change of fate, shall charm anew,
And often soothe fond mem'ry's pensive view:
Oft, with reflected lustre, shed thy ray,
And throw soft sunbeams on a cloudy day;
Chase from the heart each sad impulsive fear,
And bid glad smiles dispel the truant tear;

Lull the worn soul to sweet delusive rest,
And heal the anguish which corrodes the breast.
  Adieu lov'd spot! where time each form endears;
Sweet scene of many past, and happy years;
When op'ning life it's fairy charms display'd,
And some lov'd pleasure ev'ry scene portray'd;
When innocence with placid charms appear'd,
Each joy enhanc'd, and ev'ry prospect cheer'd,
Twin'd round youth's festive brow the wreath of peace,
And bade fair virtue ev'ry charm encrease.
There first the vital air this bosom drew,
There first each much-lov'd object met my view;
There dawning reason gave her genial light,
And swept the mists which dimm'd the mental sight.
There each fond feeling which the breast can warm,
Affection's pleasure, and sweet friendship's charm,
With softest speed bade tranquil moment's flow,
Alike unmark'd by pain, remorse, or woe.
Then youthful fancy soar'd on eagle wing,
And hope, triumphant in life's early spring,
Deck'd ev'ry prospect with the fairest flow'rs,
Shew'd rapt'rous days, and joy-encreasing hours;
Revolving years in brightest form array'd,
Whose glowing tints no cloud could ever shade.

Then no suspicion chill'd the joyous eye,
No dreaded ills impell'd the heartfelt sigh,
But thro' the vista of revolving days,
One sun, unchanging, shot his brightest rays.
Oh happy years! when thoughtless youth could trace
A smiling friend in ev'ry smiling face.
When selfish wishes never gave alloy,
But bliss imparted was the purest joy.
How oft when winter chill'd the shorten'd day,
And feeble Sol scarce lent a parting ray,
When leafless trees lost verdure seem'd to mourn,
And not a blossom deck'd the drooping thorn,
When feather'd choristers forgot to sing,
And mournful hung each lately-soaring wing,
Would frolic joy, and laughter-loving mirth,
With jocund glee sit round the social hearth.
Oft would some little orator relate,
(Whilst mute attention on each visage sate,)
The tale well-feign'd, the woes of suff'ring worth,
The num'rous ills to men ordain'd on earth.
Then the quick tear for fancy'd cares would flow,
The bosom beat with sympathetic woe.
Or when the soul to higher strains inspir'd,
With bolder flights, with nobler visions fir'd,
Bade Shakespeare's bard hang on the mimic tongue,
And in soft accents charm the list'ning throng:

How would each little gazer start and weep,
When bloody Macbeth murder'd fearless sleep,
When the poor wretch resign'd his struggling breath,
And sunk unpity'd in the arms of death,
His pomp, his sceptre flown on swiftest wing,
He sleeps a corse, to wake no more a king.
Or when young Arthur in confinement mourn'd,
His pray'rs unheeded, and his suff'rings scorn'd,
When guilt prevail'd—nor e'en the voice of truth,
Nor all the virtue's of the injur'd youth,
From harden'd cruelty his life could save,
Or stop the hand which op'd the silent grave.
Then would instruction all her charms display,
And cheer the soul with her expansive ray.
Bid emulation fire the youthful breast,
Stranger to envy, pale unhallow'd guest!
Then soon was op'd th' historic, pleasing page,
And shewn the actions of a former age.
Britannia's sons, by manly rage imprest,
Whilst gen'rous ardour warm'd th' unconquer'd breast,
Fancy portray'd—low on the pebbly shore
For freedom fight, despise e'en Cæsar's pow'r;
Brave Roman legions at fair honour's call,
Nobly to conquer, or lamented fall!

Then grim Bellona stalk'd the sea-wash'd bound,
And Mars, delighted, bade his clarion sound;
Then bloody carnage follow'd in the rear,
And glutted, greedy, on each pointed spear;
Whilst sable death bade conqu'ring heroes yield,
And view'd their trophy'd tomb—the blood-stain'd field!
Yet these, perhaps, the morn with joy had seen
Chase each dark shadow from the martial scene,
And fondly hop'd, ere ev'ning should appear,
Sweet, gentle peace would sheathe the pointed spear;
Proud vict'ry waft them o'er the scene of fate,
And honour court them to the domes of state;
Whilst heaps of slain immortalize their name,
And stamp them foremost in the lists of fame.
When lo! that fate to others they ordain,
That fate o'ertakes them on the sanguine plain;
Bids the life blood quick from their bosoms flow,
And each sad ghost a dreary journey go;
Their mighty name, the great, the wise, the brave!
Now sadly sunk in the unhallow'd grave.

But from such scenes young fancy turn'd away,
Where softer forms, and milder prospects lay;
View'd the long retrospect of ages past,
And trembling shrunk from war's contagious blast;
Saw meek-ey'd peace her sweetest charms display,
And dawning knowledge shed her orient ray,

Fair science bloom—e'en all that learning boasts
Deign to reside on Britain's sea-wash'd coasts;
Saw Greece her darlings, Rome her heroes lend,
At once to charm, enlighten, and defend.
Each clime her tribute paid—all that to song,
All that to arts, or sciences belong,
Here lov'd to dwell—their milder skies resign'd,
And sought abode but with the lib'ral mind.
Then painting bade angelic forms appear,
And gave the lifeless eye, a tender tear.
Bade the warm current on the canvas glow,
The smiles of bliss, the pangs of cureless woe:
Bade hope, and fear, and joy, the pencil speak,
Rage fire the brow, and roses deck the cheek;
Bade the fond lover there sweet nectar sip,
From his fair Delia's love-inspiring lip;
View with new rapture, ev'ry charm, refin'd,
Glow, the fair image of a spotless mind.
The tender friend, the laurell'd hero, there,
Pleasure's soft form, and grim, tho' dumb despair,
Were each portray'd—to life they seem'd to start,
And wake the quick emotions of the heart.
Then architecture rais'd her forming hand,
Bade lofty piles to distant ages stand.

Call'd from the quarry all it's splendid store,
And saw the simple hut aspire no more;
No more o'er grandeur arch it's straw-built shed,
Nor shield from wint'ry winds the monarch's head;
But—like some beauty, whose neglected charms,
No longer tempt the wand'rer to her arms,
Left in the vale, in solitude, to mourn
The anguish of neglect, the pangs of scorn,
To see each grace not borne by time away,
But yield ignobly to superior sway.
'Twas thus, oh knowledge! in life's blooming day,
With thee thro' num'rous paths I lov'd to stray.
But ah! the spot where first I thee admir'd,
Where emulation first my bosom fir'd,
I now have left— oh ————! ever dear!
From fond remembrance take this heartfelt tear.
Perhaps to thee I shall return no more,
Ne'er see grim ocean lash thy sounding shore;
No more behold thy liquid bound'ry sleep,
When not a zephyr moves the tranquil deep;
No more behold the passing vessel glide,
Whose silver sails expand to greet the tide;
No more with fond affection sweetly rest,
No more recline on friendship's fost'ring breast.
Methinks again I trace the blacken'd morn,
When, sweetest pleasures from my bosom torn,

I rose to go—too big keen sorrow grew,
I only look'd a heartfelt, long adieu!

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Sweet Sleep! thou tranquil spirit, come,
And guide me to thy silent dome,
Where night the portal keeps;
Where soft oblivious waters flow,
And opiate herbs, innoxious, grow,
Beneath the rocky steeps.

Where the worn mind to rest retires,
And cheating Morpheus, sweet, inspires
Some dear, delusive joy!
Some scene of bliss, but late deplor'd,
With added comforts now restor'd,
Unmix'd, without alloy.

Come, then, kind Somnus! swift impart
Thy influence, charmful, o'er my heart,
And bind my aching brow
With chaplets of thy chos'n flow'rs,
Which gives to peace the midnight hours,
Sweet antidote to woe!

How oft on some gay, turf-clad hill,
Beneath whose foot the gurgling rill
In wild meanders play,
The shepherd-boy, with ruddy face,
Lies, smiling, in thy soft embrace,
Nor heeds Sol's potent ray,

His circling arm supports his head,
Cowslips, and vi'lets form his bed,
And strew their odours round;
The western breeze that skims the air,
Plays, wanton, in his auburn hair,
And lulls with softest sound.

Sweet sleep! then wherefore fly from me?
I'll deck my couch with flow'rs for thee,
Bid spring her odours yield;
Gay Flora shall a wreath entwine,
Of roses, pinks, and eglantine,
And cull th' enamell'd field.

Come then! nor shun my weary eyes.
Ah! tell me—do these heartfelt sighs,
This sadly pensive tear,
This form, by sorrow early bow'd,
Long shadow'd by affliction's cloud,
Through which no rays appear,

Do these affright thee from my arms,
For these dost thou withhold thy charms,
And from my pillow fly?
Ah! faithless, fickle, transient pow'r!
Poor, cheating phantom of an hour,
That lov'st the tearless eye.

That from the gilded couch will haste
To lie thee in some dreary waste
With the poor trav'ller, low;
There, lock'd in slumber's tranquil sweets,
He rests 'till morn his eyelids greets,
And hails his sun-burnt brow.

Oft in yon cot with rushes twin'd,
Reclin'st thou with the simple hind,
On bed of cleanly straw;
No canopy surrounds his head,
No stately train, with softest tread,
The silken curtains draw;

No music's sweet, and dulcet note,
In undulating numbers float,
To lull the soul to rest;
Yet there, unpillow'd, will thou lie,
Heedless where art, and splendour try
To catch thy flowing vest.

Oh yet, whilst night soft stillness calls
From her lone cave, her ebon halls,
And high in yonder spheres,
Pale Lunar tints the flow'ry plain,
Or silvers o'er the sleeping main,
And with soft charms appears,

Thy silken touch no more deny,
Nor let me for thee vainly sigh,
'Midst restless nights of grief!
But soft!—the friendly god I view,
Ah busy world adieu, adieu,
I fly to sweet relief!

ON THE DEATH OF ——

Still sorrow tunes the sadly-pleasing strain,
Still claims anew the sympathetic tear,
For that alone can soothe the mourner's pain,
Whilst keen remembrance wets a parent's bier.

Oh Mem'ry! why to sorrow ever true,
On those lov'd objects from the bosom torn,
Dost thou direct the soul-distracting view,
And teach the gazer but to weep, and mourn?

Yet ah! thy sombre pow'r now suits my soul;
  Here, in this awful mansion of the dead,
Unseen I'll weep, give sorrow no controul,
  But on some tomb lay my reclining head.

E'en here, where no kind ray the breast illumes,
  Where sickly damps the vaults besprinkle round,
Where solemn echoes heard from deep-mouth'd tombs,
  Strike the sunk heart with each portentious sound.

Oh! would some pow'r exert it's arm to save,
  Bid the chill form again view smiling day,
Unbar the gates of death's tremendous cave,
  And shake the sad, sepulchral robes away,

With what pure rapture, what supreme delight,
  Should these glad eyes the honour'd face adore,
Sweet peace should then appear to greet my sight,
  Flow in one current never refluent more!

What long-wish'd joy to view again that form,
  The tender parent, and the cherish'd friend;
To see life's purple tide his bosom warm,
  Flow to his heart, and there it's influence lend!

Sweet, fond idea! yet no more deceive!
  Thou, flutt'ring fancy, oh no more betray!

For few the moments which thy smiles relieve,
  Ere dreadful certainty sweeps hope away.

For ah! in vain may fond affection mourn,
  In vain entreaty may just heav'n obtest,
No more to earth departed souls return,
  Ne'er quit the mansions of eternal rest.

Come, then, submission! come sweet placid maid!
  Teach me to bow when heav'n uplifts the rod,
Come in thy spotless majesty array'd,—
  And let no murmurs meet the throne of God:

Though death has snatch'd my earthly sire away,
  Ere tender love could bid a last adieu,
Ere hope had shed one gentle, parting ray,
  Or pious tears had paid the tribute due.

Though, in a distant land the tyrant pow'r,
  His pois'nous shaft with cruel vengeance sped,
When not one friend in that afflictive hour,
  Reclining wept around the suff'rer's bed.

No wife with soothing voice could give relief,
  No pious children for their parent pray,
Nor melt in all the agony of grief,
  In that dire, dreadful, inauspicious day!

Yet, though unwept, unsolac'd, and unmourn'd,
  Thou sink'st a victim to the silent grave,
Those radiant virtues which thy life adorn'd,
  Shall, from oblivion's grasp thy mem'ry save.

Oft shall thy friends repeat thy honour'd name,
  The purest tribute to thy worth bestow,
Recal thy spotless, thy unsully'd fame,
  And crown, with virtue's wreath, thy pallid brow.

This hallow'd tomb, where rests thy form belov'd,
  Has seen my heart torn by affliction's rod,
Has seen my mind by love, by duty mov'd,
  Now weep a parent, and now bow to God.

Ah! yet, before his throne I'll humbly bend,
  With heart sincere, and mind attun'd to pray,
Before that God who only good can send,
  Whose mercy gave, whose wisdom takes away.

JESSE.

Hail virtue! fairest child of bounteous heav'n!
Hail lovely maid! clad in thy vestal robe,
Spotless, and pure as snow on Alpine heights.

Around thy brow what placid lustre shines!
Celestial innocence thy footsteps marks,
And sweet, serene delight lives in thy breast:
Hope, is thy handmaid; faith, thy sacred guide;
That, points to peace, and this, that peace secures.
  But ah! the woes, the fatal woes I sing,
Which hurl destruction o'er the wand'rer's head,
Who, from thy even path, unwary strays.
Still pensive mem'ry wets the sombre tomb,
O'erhung with cypress, and with deadly yew,
Which shrouds a hapless virgin's pallid corse.
O'er that sweet form where once sat ev'ry grace,
Fell death has now his pois'nous influence shed.
Those sparkling eyes which once beam'd peace and joy,
Are early clos'd, and clos'd to ope no more.
  Yet, if remorse for guilt can ere atone,
Repentant Jesse has not wept in vain.
Oh! at Heav'n's footstool when the mourner stands,
When retribution shall the book peruse,
May gentle mercy there attendant be,
And with a pitying tear efface each crime!
May the kind drop wipe ev'ry stain away,
And, fair as virtue's, leave the sacred page!
Yes, smiling mercy, sweet, benignant pow'r!
'Tis thou alone can ope the gates of heav'n
To weak, to erring, self-deluding man:

'Tis thy kind pow'r, which, like some silver stream
That flows, and renovates each object round,
Lifts the sunk heart, and props the drooping head,
Whisper's sweet comfort in the mourner's ear,
And points to hope, to pardon, and to peace.
In a lone vale where lovely nature bloom'd,
For mimic art had ne'er the spot prophan'd,
Where bounteous spring in full luxuriance smil'd,
And courted summer to the sweet retreat,
Liv'd fairest Jesse. O'er her head had roll'd
Eighteen progressive suns their annual course;
Had seen her bloom e'en as the lily fair,
And spotless as the lily's silken form.
Foster'd by kind affection's tender arms,
Unknown to grief, to dark, corroding care,
She liv'd the pride of ev'ry neighb'ring plain.
That first, best charm of innocence, and youth,
Ingenuous candour, which nor dreads deceit,
Nor basely ere deceives, illum'd her brow.
Her soul but shone reflected in her face,
As sparkling gems appear through lucid streams.
Thus had her early years propitious pass'd,
Like the fair dawning of a summer's day,
When ev'ry object blooms, all nature smiles,
And not a cloud obscures the beauteous scene.

Ne'er had ambition in her soul infus'd
One wish to shine beyond her native vale,
Or ere receive but virtue's well-earn'd praise.
Each hope was center'd in the pow'r to bless,
And spread the happiness herself enjoy'd.
Soft in her bosom sweet compassion sate,
Whilst pity glisten'd in her speaking eye:
Grim poverty from her oft found relief,
And languid sickness oft by her was cheer'd;
Weak, tott'ring age, in her found sweet support,
And helpless orphans learn'd to call her friend.
Ill-fated maid! how blest had been thy lot,
If in those days of innocence and peace,
Chill death had op'd the dark, sepulchral gates,
And shew'd the grave whilst virtue was thy own;
Ere the base spoiler, the deceitful foe,
Had robb'd thy soul of each intrinsic joy.
Deck'd with each charm, with ev'ry blooming grace,
Which ere adorn'd the vivid form of youth,
Young Henry sought to win the maiden's love.
Bright on his face the semblance seem'd portray'd
Of candour, truth, and unaffected worth.
Whene'er he spoke, (by manly sense imprest),
Attention mute, with joy his accents heard,
And meek instruction sat upon his tongue.
But ah! beneath each trait which seem'd so fair,

Lurk'd base deceit, and fell destructive vice:
Each art was his which subtlety invents
To lure the virtuous from the paths of peace.
Base as the Syrens who on Scylla dwelt,
Whose dulcet strains charm'd the enraptur'd ear,
Whilst grim destruction lurk'd on ev'ry word,
When wise Ulysses plough'd his wat'ry way,
And sought that home so long in vain deplor'd.
The guileless Jesse in his cultur'd mind,
Thought she perceiv'd the virtues of her own,
And glory'd that her heart had found abode,
Where, as she fondly hop'd, each virtue dwelt.
But ah! her true, her unsuspecting love,
Was paid with treach'ry, with the blackest guile:
For the base ingrate, scorning ev'ry tye,
Which love inforces, or which virtue binds,
Betray'd her faith, destroy'd each future hope,
And pluck'd sweet peace from off her smiling brow—
Robb'd her of life's best treasure—innocence—
Forsook her—left her nought but bitt'rest woes.
Pale guilt, and stern remorse, to her were new,
Sad on her breast the grisly monsters sate.
With morning sun she us'd to rise in peace,
And sable ev'ning usher'd with a smile.
How dread the pangs from this reverse endur'd,
And doubly dreadful to a mind once pure.

She, who before deceit had never known,
Now urg'd by dread, and guilt-corroding shame,
Must trace the tangled paths of direful fraud,
And from her parents hide the fatal truth.
How oft with cheerful face she try'd to look,
To meet those smiles which fond affection gave,
To warm those hearts which only beat for her,
And only sought her pleasures to secure:
But vain th' attempt for nature lent not aid.
Sweet, gentle, meek-ey'd innocence was fled;
The frighten'd fugitive was flown away.
Vice had allur'd, veil'd in the pleasing form
Of Henry's love, and smiling peace was lost.
Ah! how gradatious are the steps of guilt;
How easy lost those joys nought ere regains!
Full oft would duty urge the weeping fair,
To tell her guilt, her sorrow, and remorse;
On fond affection's gen'rous breast repose,
And trust to those whom long her soul had lov'd.
But trembling shame, who like the sensative,
The quick-liv'd plant, shrinks back at ev'ry touch,
Her heart withheld, her speech restrain'd!
Ah helpless victim! to what dreadful woes,
To what keen suff'ring thy delusion leads!
For, hadst thou nobly own'd thy only crime,
Weeping repentance had the stain effac'd;

Contrition might have op'd the gates of Heav'n,
And soothing mercy shed her smile on thee!
  But yet the poignant dread of stern reproach,
And the sad consciousness how much deserv'd,
Urg'd the poor culprit, quick to seek in flight,
In gloomy solitude, her last resource.
  The morn was beauteous, ev'ry object smil'd,
And innocence, and peace adorn'd the vale.
Jesse alone knew guilt, alone knew woe!
How keen those pangs which wrung her grief-worn heart,
Ere she for ever left this sweet abode!
Where oft in childhood with content she stray'd,
And cull'd pure joys from virtue's plenteous store;
Where ev'ry object, now, with strongest cords,
Seem'd round her bursting heart to doubly twine.
E'en such as with indiff'rence had been view'd,
In this sad moment tenfold charms possess'd,
When they were seen, but to be seen no more.
And must she fly this long-endear'd retreat,
Without one parting look from those she lov'd
Those who had watch'd her in her tender years,
To guard from ev'ry harm a child so dear?
  Stern conscience loudly call'd her base ingrate,
And stung with keenest force her wounded soul;
With hollow voice oft whisper'd in her ear,
"Is this the kind requital of thy love?

"Is this the deed which gratitude demands
"As the sweet recompence of years of care?
"To point an arrow at thy parent's breast,
"To tinge with infamy it's venom'd dart,
"To bid disgrace hang o'er their drooping heads,
"And ope the tomb to ev'ry cherish'd joy?"
Distraction, horror, woe, and keen despair,
Seiz'd with dire force the mourner's beating heart—
She fled—return'd—and then again advanc'd—
Her eye-balls glar'd—convulsive was her breath—
With frantic agony her hands she clasp'd,
With eager gaze look'd up on heav'n's clear vault,
Then, as unworthy the celestial view,
Threw quick her eyes low on the sable earth—
Then started sudden—flew with eagle speed
With light, unconscious step—nor whither knew.
The pendant dew yet glisten'd on the leaves,
And ruddy morn shone beauteous through the east;
All nature smil'd beneath the roseate beam—
But what can still the wretch's guilty mind?
What can speak peace, and soothe a wounded soul?
All day she wander'd through the thickest paths,
Where human foot had scarcely trod before;
Where sharpest thorns, untutor'd how to yield,
From her fair arms the purple current drew.
Scarce had she found a solitary shed,
The poor remains of some forsaken cot,

Ere threat'ning storms obscur'd the face of Heav'n.
Quick from his cave rush'd black, portentious night,
Veil'd the tall hills, and o'er the flow'ry vales
Threw darkest shadows, and impervious glooms.
Loud roll'd the thunder in the vaulted sphere,
Whilst the red light'nings long, and quiv'ring gleam,
Seem'd guiding horror to the direful scene.
Pale, trembling fear peep'd from her dark abode,
Then shrunk appall'd, and drew the heavy bolt;
Whilst Æolus bellowed from his northern cave,
And bade the nodding forest own his sway.
Unheard, unseen amidst the growling storm,
The wretched Jesse, to each grief a prey,
Became a parent in this dreadful hour.
No eye her suff'rings, or her anguish view'd,
Save that kind Being, omnipresent, just!
Whose sight no darkness veils, no shades obscure.
Oh God of Mercy! let those direful tears,
Let that contrition which her breast inspir'd,
Arise as sacrifice before thy throne!
As offer'd incense let her sighs ascend,
Borne swift to thee on mercy's silken wings!
She, whom parental care had ever watch'd,
Who had few wants, and e'en those wants supply'd,
In this dread moment, e'en unpity'd, mourn'd,
Unsolac'd wept, and unreguarded sigh'd.

She clasp'd her babe with ardour to her breast,
And bath'd it's face with tears of tend'rest love,
But yet of bitt'rest anguish.—" Ah! she cry'd,
" My guilt is doubly punish'd in thy fate:
" Sweet babe! thy only portion, poverty,
" And shame thy sad, thy sole inheritance!
" Reproach will point her finger at thy name,
" Malice will wound thee with a tenfold dart,
" And punish thee because thy mother err'd. "
  Oh vice! thou monster of tyrannic force!
Who with thy scorpion sting wounds sweet content,
Blasts self-esteem, and ev'ry cherish'd joy.
What! though, perchance, gay flow'rs the entrance deck
Which to thy noisy mansion swift conducts,
Yet ah! how soon the fair delusion ends,
How quickly vapid, all that once had charm'd!
Lo! the dark henbane, and the pois'nous yew,
The sickly nightshade, and the cypress sad,
Pervade the path and darken ev'ry scene,
See, at thy portal where pale riot sits;
Whilst grim remorse with haggard looks and wild,
And keenest anguish with her phrensy'd eye,
And wan despair, insensate! slow infuse
In the delusive cup their bitter pangs.
  These, these oh vice! thou fell delusive fiend,
These still attend where'er thou mark'st the way;

These point the dagger to the guilty soul,
Freeze ev'ry joy, and usher ev'ry woe.
  Forlorn, and sad, did Jesse lonely weep.
Weep on, poor suff'rer! Heav'n beholds thy tears;
Thy bended knee by much contrition bow'd,
Thy folded hands uprais'd in pious pray'r.
Some holy angel, minister of peace!
May yet descend to solace, to relieve,
To bid thee look in Heav'n's eternal sphere,
For happiness, for mercy, and for love.
  Sad had she pass'd three long, three ling'ring days
Of keen, incessant woe, her hope, kind death!
Her only solace, tears; when she arose
To beg from charity the needed boon,
Which she with lib'ral heart had oft bestow'd.
  Already had the hand of care destroy'd
Each charm which once illum'd her cloudless brow.
Her furrow'd cheek no more the rose adorn'd,
But the pale lily sat, desponding, there.
Her downcast eye, suffus'd with grief and shame,
No longer threw it's fiery lustre round;
Her auburn tresses in no ringlets wav'd,
But hung, disorder'd rudely o'er her face.
As slow she wander'd in the rugged path,
Sad recollection, like some injured shade,
Which flits, terrific, in the troubled air,

Swift to her view her wretched parents brought,
Disgrac'd forsaken by their much-lov'd child;
By her, who oft, in happier hours, had vow'd,
To prove their prop, their solace, and their joy.
Sudden she stopp'd—then starting, quickly cried;
" Oh no! they longer shall not mourn my loss;
" I will return—I carry'd with me guilt,
" But I bring back a broken, contrite heart!
" This they will not refuse. "
With quicken'd step
She journey'd homewards—hope her bosom cheer'd—
Three times bright Phœbus sought his western couch,
Ere she perceiv'd the well-known village spire.
Weary and faint, she stopp'd to rest, and sigh.
Her babe had fall'n asleep within her arms,
And innocence, and peace sate on it's brow—
A heartfelt sigh from Jesse's breast escap'd,
She once was innocent, and then knew peace.
She wip'd a tear away—and rose to go—
But sudden stopp'd—and wildly gaz'd around—
Great God! the sad responsive bell of death
Toll'd loud and solemn—wing'd with dread the sound,
And wak'd in Jesse's heart terrific fear—
Trembling she paus'd—and lean'd against a tree.
Once more the knell responded in the air,
And seem'd to tear each vital cord away—

Her tott'ring feet refus'd their feeble aid—
Her pallid cheek a livid hue suffus'd—
Her eye-balls glar'd,—then fix'd their stedfast gaze
On a long train of mourners weeping, sad—
Two coffins on their shoulders, slow, were borne—
Jesse, immoveable, a moment gaz'd—
Then from her breast her helpless infant fell—
She scream'd—she call'd on Heav'n—and died.—

TO THE

MEMORY OF MISS T. M.

Thou lovely form! to mould'ring dust consign'd,
Once the fair image of a spotless mind,
Ere pale disease, and direful sickness, spread
Their baneful influence o'er thy drooping head;
Ere greedy death, array'd in fearful gloom,
Call'd thee, relentless, to the icy tomb.
Ah! o'er that tomb how oft shall sorrow weep,
When orient morning tints the azure deep;
When the sunk heart, just wak'd from short repose,
Pours, unsuppress'd, the tribute to it's woes.
Gives to the breeze, which wafts the sweets of day,
The pensive monody, the sorrowing lay!

Oh death, relentless foe! in whose dark cave
Sit the pale messengers which ope the grave.
Quick, racking pain, and ling'ring, wan disease,
That to strike fateful, this by slow degrees;
And purple pestilence, and famine drear,
Her eye suffus'd with mis'ry's scorching tear;
And grisly war with locks of clotted gore,
And desolation, stalking kingdoms o'er,
Who treads with carnage thro' the city's bound,
And bids the palace totter to the ground,
Each sacred pile quick to it's centre fall,
And grass and weeds o'ertop the mould'ring wall.
These, death, are thine, these are thy fav'rite band,
The dreadful scourges of a guilty land!
Yet, could not worth, and innocence and truth,
And the sweet promise of auspicious youth,
Relax thy brow, and teach thy hand to spare,
And bid thee listen to a parent's pray'r?
A widow'd parent—who had mourn'd thy sway,
In what already thou hadst snatch'd away.
But ah! to pity deaf—in vain to thee
Imploring sorrow bends the suppliant knee;
In vain entreaty begs, or anguish cries,
His doom is sign'd—the fated victim dies.
Not e'en an empire's wealth could stop thy pow'r,
Nor sceptred kings avert the destin'd hour.

Alike thou call'st the feeble, and the sage,
And gay, unclouded youth, and tott'ring age;
And smiling joy, and grief, with haggard brow,
And festive pleasure, and terrific woe.

But, hark! what dulcet accents swell the air?
What lovely form appears, as angels fair?
Lo! on her face soft traits of beauty shine,
And smiles, celestial, mark a soul divine.
" My sister, hush! " the beauteous seraph cries;
" Thy loud complaints e'en to yon throne arise,
" E'en pass those gates of adamantine mould
" Where truth, and justice sway, perpetual hold.
" By Heav'n ordain'd—once more on earth I tread,
" To check the folly which laments the dead.
" Oh know, that when from thee I fled away,
" Whilst yet thy pious tears bedew'd my clay,
" That joy, pure rapture, and supreme delight,
" E'en then engag'd my heav'n-awaken'd sight;
" My brows were crown'd with flow'rs which never fade,
" And fragrant bow'rs received me to their shade;
" Angels, with dulcet harps, proclaim'd my bliss,
" And hail'd my flight from worlds so frail as this.
" The great Almighty from his radiant throne
" Bestow'd those gifts, which he bestows alone,
" Unchanging bliss, and joys which still encrease,
" And, join'd with sweet content, seraphic peace!

"Oh then thy God adore, his wisdom trust,
"Who, e'en in wrath is kind, in vengeance just.
"Ah know, that he who rules this changing ball,
"Before whose throne celestial angels fall;
"Guided by laws immutable and wise,
"Though often dimly seen by mortal eyes,
"Decrees but what is right—oh! think of this,
"And to the world's great ruler bow submiss!
"His pow'r, resistless, who shall dare oppose?
"As grains of dust, to him, are hosts of foes.
"He lifts his arm, and bids the thunder cease,
"He looks his will, and worlds are hush'd to peace.
"The works of man he brings to swift decay,
"And dooms their proudest boast to fade away:
"Their stately cities totter to their fall,
"Their bulwarks shake at his almighty call.
"What! though his mercy opes the silent grave,
"And takes in mercy, what in love he gave;
"Bids the chill form to sable dust return,
"And silent dwell in some sepulchral urn,
"Yet ne'er the soul can feel the stroke of fate,
"But soars, exalted, to a better state;
"Shakes off she cumbrous load of mortal clay,
"And bids death's garments quickly flee away.
"Oh then no longer grieve! for me 'twere vain,
"No more I feel or sorrow, death, or pain.

"The stroke thou mourn'st by purest love was giv'n,
"For not to death I bow'd, but soar'd to Heav'n.

TO ———

Ah, canst thou, Henry, thou, whose noble mind,
By virtue soften'd, and by sense refin'd,
Canst thou in War delight? can dire alarms,
The trumpet's din, the sound of hostile arms,
Thy bosom please? ah vain, and futile joy!
Calls but to ravage, sounds but to destroy.
Oh! if thine arm would wield some noble spear,
And thy soul pants to be immortal here,
Go, shew thy prowess where the captive sighs,
Bid injur'd merit wipe her tearful eyes.
Aid worth, oppress'd; thy single arm oppose,
And bravely conquer her tyrannic foes.
Go punish vice.—Be bold in virtue's cause,
And yield, obedient, to her gentle laws.
Fix in thy heart her firm, unshaken sway,
Which worlds might honour, kings with joy obey.
She gives a laurel wreath which never dies,
Which ev'ry bolt of angry fate defies;

Which strengthen'd e'en by time, no changes fears,
But blooms with added charms in higher spheres.
And canst thou still with rapt'rous pleasure fly
Where curling smoke obscures the vaulted sky,
Where death sits gaping on each lofty plume,
And carnage smiles beneath the fearful gloom?
Oh view the scene! and let reflection show
The thousand ills which from one demon flow.
How oft the best affections of the heart,
Are pierc'd, destroy'd, by War's envenom'd dart;
How oft the fond, paternal breast must feel
Those cank'ring wounds, no pow'r can ever heal!
Perhaps (untimely fate!) some gen'rous youth,
Whose soul by virtue warm'd, whose mind by truth;
The last of an illustrious, noble line,
Whose sun rose fair, and promis'd long to shine,
Sinks to the grave in premature decay,
His name, his honours quickly pass'd away;
As some fell sabre strikes the vital part,
And slowly drinks the life-blood of the heart.
Oh War, thou direful fiend! beneath whose tread
Spring desolation, murder, fear, and dread.
Thou bid'st young hope be chill'd by black despair,
And giv'st sweet pleasure to the arms of care;
Cloud'st ev'ry prospect with the darkest gloom,
And shew'st the gazer but the sword, and tomb.

Oh turn thine eye where yonder prospect lies,
Where groans of death, with shouts of conquest rise;
Where the poor wretch, transfix'd with fateful wound,
Lies pale, distorted, on the hostile ground;
Whilst some proud victor mocks his wretched state,
And quick anticipates the work of fate;
Derides the feelings of the truly brave,
And thinks, to kill, is better than to save.
Ah base, ungen'rous deed! unworthy part!
To strike an arrow in the wounded heart;
To quench the flame which lent a feeble ray,
Ere yet the soul fled from embody'd clay;
Ere yet high heav'n had sign'd the fatal doom,
And call'd the victim to the silent tomb.

To gain an hero's empty, sounding name,
To deck thy brow with laurels, twin'd by fame,
To mount the car triumphant in the show,
And bear the praise which senseless crouds bestow,
Lo! for these aims, for this ignoble cause,
Thou scorn'st the joy which flows from self-applause;
The sweet serene delights by virtue giv'n,
Pure, and unchanging as the bliss of heav'n!
Oh! still remember, when with trophies gay,
Thy laurel wreath is grafted on the bay,
How many victims in the tomb are laid,
To earn the triumph so profusely paid.

Oh would'st thou view impartially the cause,
Nor judge by glory's, but by virtue's laws,
How would those deeds which now thou see'st with joy,
Corrode thy peace, and ev'ry hope destroy!
How dread the scene which then would sad appear,
Without one ray thy wounded soul to chear;
Ah! think for those who now unbury'd lie,
How many friends will heave the heartfelt sigh;
How many eyes with anguish will o'erflow,
How many feel each cruel pang of woe.
Oh! should thy sword some virtuous soul divide
From it's fair partner, lately made a bride;
Still clad in robes which grac'd the bridal day,
(Soon chang'd for weeds, a sable, sad array!)
Think what keen agonies her soul o'erpow'r,
In that tremendous, that afflictive hour;
When, with reluctant steps, with horror pale,
Some weeping friend shall tell the direful tale,
That she, a widow'd bride, must vainly mourn,
For her fond husband shall no more return!
A cold, pale corse, upon the hostile plain,
He lies, unburied, with ten thousand slain;
No friend to sorrow o'er his sable bier,
No wife to drop a fond, connubial tear!
To soothe his soul, no pious hymn was sung,
No sacred lay in solemn chorus rung;

No letter'd stone supplies the place of fame,
To tell the world his virtues, and his name;
But rav'nous birds, now hov'ring o'er their prey,
Tear the last solace from his wife away.
Oh! if this scene thy bosom cannot wound,
Behold yon victim, prostrate on the ground;
E'en now life's current trickles from his heart;
Ah see! his eyelids close, his soul depart!
Oh! know that wretch (ne'er inmate of the sky,
For vice his breast had stain'd with pois'nous dye)
Oppress'd with crimes, with no atonement made,
Guilt's dreadful terrors hanging o'er his head,
Before the great Supernal Judge appears,
Who views the deeds of many ill-spent years,
And signs the fatal doom—eternal pain,
Pangs, which ne'er cease, and woes, which e'er remain,
Tears, which each moment shall but bid encrease,
And groans, no voice shall ever lull to peace,
This his dread fate—from which no pow'r can save—
Deny'd the wretch's hope—a friendly grave!
Yet ah! perhaps, had longer life been giv'n,
Not unprepar'd, this youth had gone to heav'n:
Contrition might have op'd fair mercy's gate,
And made him worthy of a better fate;
He might have liv'd an honour to his race,
As now he sinks it's shame, and it's disgrace.

Ah! view yon little, wretched, guiltless train,
Mourning their parent, whom they mourn in vain!
In vain they seek his body to inhume,
And with their pious tears bedews his tomb;
His mangled form no longer they discern,
Vainly prepar'd the sad, sepulchral urn!
Wretched they go in agonizing grief,
Without one friend to soothe, to give relief,
To guide their footsteps in life's thorny way,
Or bid them feel sweet hope's sustaining ray;
But, desolate, the wretched orphans fly
To hide their griefs from each profaning eye;
To weep unpity'd, helpless, and forlorn,
From sable eve, to morning's early dawn!

Oh, gen'rous, yet declare, yet candid, say,
Can a poor name such deeds as these repay?
Is pure humanity, is honour, truth,
And ev'ry charm of fair, ingenuous youth
Lost to thy heart? ah, yet their pow'r recall,
And let them triumph, and oppression fall!
The pleasures thou enjoy'st, oh! yet impart,
And not thy name enoble, but thy heart!
Exert thy pow'r but to protect the weak,
To wipe pale sorrow from the mourner's cheek,
To stretch thine arm, delighted, yet to save,
And snatch the victim from the op'ning grave.

Oh Peace! once more from thy soft couch descend,
And spread thy banners o'er this prostrate land.
Give tranquil bliss to hearts, which grief o'erflows,
Bid sighs be hush'd, forgotten latent woes;
Let thy sweet voice, each sorrow swift beguile,
And hope and joy again on Britain smile!

SUPPOSED TO BE

WRITTEN BY LOUIS XVI.

The Evening preceding his Execution.

All now is o'er—each earthly hope is fled!
Soon shall I reach the mansions of the dead,
Soon shall embark for that celestial shore,
Where angry fate shall hurl it's bolts no more;
Where howling tempests shall no more destroy,
Nor ope the grave to ev'ry promis'd joy.
Ah! when I view my present wretched lot,
By foes insulted, and by friends forgot;
My bosom torn by pangs, the most severe,
Each object banish'd, to affection dear;
My soul astonish'd, trembles at the view,
And doubtful asks, if all it sees be true?

How oft, does mem'ry, with tyrannic sway,
To scenes, long past, bear ev'ry thought away;
When, in my people's love, supremely blest,
Their welfare only occupied my breast.
Then, with parental love, my bosom glow'd,
And, from one stream, our mutual pleasures flow'd.
Blest time! now past—how dread a change I bear!
The wretched victim of corrosive care!
Quick, from my soul, each soft idea flies,
And leaves me only deep, and ceaseless sighs.
And have I nought of all a sceptre gave,
Not e'en the pow'r to claim an humble grave?
To beg some voice to chant the pious lay,
And decent homage to my ashes pay;
To bid the stone a lesson sad unfold,
That the proud monarch, lately deck'd in gold,
Before whose throne glad millions prostrate bow'd,
Possesses nought except the tomb and shroud?
Yet pow'r and pomp I willingly resign,
Sweet hope a solace lends, far more divine!
My humbled soul, it's God, in sorrow sees,
And bows, unmurm'ring, to his wise decrees.
My present state, my future hopes I scan,
Forget the king, and feel myself a man;
Feel virtue, only, gives superior pow'r—
All else—the empty baubles of an hour!

Toys, which each flutt'ring breeze may soon decay,
Chance may destroy, and death must snatch away.
Ah! when from sorrow could they ever save?
When shut the gloomy portals of the grave?
Depriv'd of ev'ry comfort life can give,
Why should I sigh, or wherefore wish to live?
Immur'd within this dismal place of grief,
Where the worn soul in vain expects relief,
Rather with joy, with thankful heart I go;
Happy to leave a scene of nought but woe,—
But yet a tie there is—I own it's sway,
A tie which bids me even wish to stay.
'Tis not the thought of death can cause a fear,
'Tis the fond parent drops this heartfelt tear;
The husband weeps—he mourns his widow'd mate,
Left sad, forlorn, to meet the frowns of fate!
His helpless children, rear'd in fatal ease,
Round whom each object only liv'd to please,
Who in soft down each night have sunk to rest,
Or, cradled sweetly on some tender breast,
Now scorn'd, neglected, treated with disdain,
They sue for kindness, but they sue in vain!
'Tis for these objects that my heart o'erflows,
'Tis fond affection, (source of tend'rest woes!)
That now to female softness melts my soul,
Whilst nature prompts, what reason would controul.

Oh! how my heart shrinks from that fatal hour,
When bitt'rest pangs my bosom shall o'erpow'r,
Shall, like dark clouds, which veil the face of day,
Tear from my soul each soft, sustaining ray.
As the loud tempest, when it growls on high,
Deforms the deep, and seems to rend the sky,
With hostile fury crops the flow'ry plain,
Roots the tall oak, and blasts the golden grain;
And when the fury of it's reign is o'er,
Leaves the dark earth to weep it's ravish'd store;
So I, in that dread moment of my fate,
(The prey of storms ordain'd by ranc'rous hate)
Must see each object from my bosom torn,
Myself left desolate, to vainly mourn,
When last my wife, my children I shall view,
Must bid to each a long, a sad adieu!
Must from those tender objects flee away,
Though soft entreaty shall request my stay;
Though trickling tears quick down each cheek shall flow,
In the deep channel, mark'd by haggard woe;
Though frantic tenderness should seize my heart,
And tear the life-blood from the vital part.

Oh gracious God! in love, in mercy great!
By whom decreed each bolt of angry fate;
From this drear prison, hear thy suppliant's pray'r;
His wretched wife, his orphan children spare!

Oh stretch thine arm, omnipotent, to save!
When their sole friend sinks in the silent grave;
When anguish, yet unfelt, their souls shall tear,
And ev'ry pang encrease, and ev'ry care.
Oh! then look down with thy benignant eye,
Wipe the sad tear, and chase the rising sigh;
Direct their hearts, their souls, their hopes to thee;
Prompt the firm pray'r, and bend the pious knee!
Bid meek devotion ev'ry terror calm,
And heal each wound with soft, with lenient balm!
Oh! if thus guarded, what have I to fear,
Though in their presence thousand foes appear?
Danger itself shall fade before their sight,
Each hope supported by Religion's light;
Their views directed to that happy shore,
Where sad captivity shall weep no more!

ALMERIA;

ADDRESSED TO ——

WITH what fond joy, what pleasure, do I view,
The sister, and the friend conjoin in you!
No venal muses here their tribute pay,
But fond affection breathes her simple lay.
Ungrac'd by diction, unadorn'd by art,
My pen but speaks the feelings of my heart.
That heart—round which your dear idea 'twin'd,
Lives in each thought, with ev'ry wish'd combin'd—
Glows in my hopes, in ev'ry pleasure shares,
Dispels my fears, and softens e'en my cares.
When busy fancy wings her wayward flight,
And soothes, with bliss desir'd, the mental sight,
How oft thy presence gilds the lonely hour,
How often charms with renovated pow'r,
When ev'ry ruder thought is hush'd to rest,
And thou, and peace alone possess my breast.
But ah! would more than fancy saw thee here,
More than fantastic visions hail'd thee near!
Though vain the wish—yet mem'ry, ever true;
Shall still present thee to my longing view.

Hail fair Mnemosyne! hail wond'rous pow'r!
Thou lov'd companion of the lonely hour!
Who, scenes, long past, with magic wand can trace,
And the cold damps of time, innoxious, chase.
Can from oblivion snatch each deed of fame,
Bid wond'ring crouds revere an honour'd name;
E'en when it's owner, (once his country's trust)
Sinks in the tomb; consign'd to kindred dust.
Lo! yonder widow'd bride who weeps her mate,
(The early victim of untimely fate!)
See how she hangs on all he once held dear;
Associate thought impel the heartfelt tear,
As keen remembrance through her bosom flies,
Glows on her cheeks, and dims her lustrous eyes.
Each word he spoke, by manly sense refin'd,
Each thought he utter'd, dwells upon her mind.
Again, by Mem'ry's aid, his voice she hears,
Again, to glad her sight, his form appears.
In these delusive scenes she finds relief,
And weeps, uncheck'd—sole luxury of grief!
Nor less yon faithful maiden owns thy sway,
Which yet restores what absence takes away,
E'en whilst her soul in silent grief deplores,
Him long ordain'd to traverse hostile shores.
Sooth'd by thy pow'r she sees the cherish'd youth,
Views on his brow the mantling form of truth;

Hears the last sounds which linger'd on his tongue,
Beholds the anguish which his bosom wrung,
When honour call'd on love it's pow'r to yield,
And patriot virtues bore him to the field.
Ah who, unmov'd, yon little group can see,
Hanging, enraptur'd, round their grandsire's knee?
Mark the quick eye, where young ideas flow!
See on the cheek bright emulation glow,
As now the hoary sage his tales relates,
With ev'ry frolic of his playful mates,
When early youth it's joys before him spread,
And health, and peace were twin'd around his head.
How oft he 'scap'd detection's angry eye,
How from pursuit was still prepar'd to fly,
When from the master loos'd, the dreaded hall,
He scal'd, with nimble foot, the garden wall:
Bore the ripe apples from the loaded tree,
And shar'd the spoil with fond, convivial glee.
Warm'd by the thought, old age forgets it's pain,
And the bald grandsire frisks the fields again—
Foregoes his crutch, springs from the woodbine seat,
Joins ev'ry sport, and emulates each feat.
The infant train his wond'rous deeds admire,
And his breast glows with long-extinguish'd fire.
Such, such Mnemosyne, thy boundless say,
That, chasing dull oblivion far away,

Or pain or pleasure at thy voice appear,
Call to the cheek a smile, the eye a tear,
As scenes long past in glowing tints return,
And bid the heart with quick remembrance burn.
Oft with the scholar through each classic grove,
His aid unseen, propitious, dost thou rove;
And cull the flow'rs from fair Parnassian fields,
Or taste the sweets which Helicon still yields.
There, in the Muses' long-belov'd retreat,
Where Homer's heart to thoughts sublimest beat,
Where Virgil first imbib'd poetic fire,
And raptur'd Milton swept the sacred lyre,
Recal those forms, to Mem'ry ever dear!
Seraphic inmates of a higher sphere!
Whom science lov'd, immortaliz'd their name,
And led them fearless to the heights of fame;
'Twin'd round their brows the poet's fairest bays,
And bid unfading honours crown their days.
How vain without thee were e'en learning's store,
For man might read, but man could do no more;
He might admire, be charm'd, with rapture hang
On the prophetic page which sages sang,
But, close the book, and ev'ry pleasure flies,
All that had rapture wak'd, or rais'd surprize,
As lovely objects in a mirror seen,
Which leave no trace of where they once have been.

But, ah, Mnemosyne! preserv'd by thee,
Each object lives from death and absence free;
Oft soothes the heart in hours of poignant grief,
And to the soul affords a sweet relief.
Oh lovely goddess! yet on me bestow
That twice-felt bliss which charms us here below,
But in thy sable garments ne'er appear,
Let me forget whate'er would cause a tear!
Save, when for suff'ring merit, virtue sighs,
And gen'rous pity wipes her tearful eyes:
Or when some character, whose spotless worth,
In Heav'n rewarded, though oppress'd on earth,
Calls on the muse each noble trait to save,
And snatch the relics from oblivion's grave.
Ah! such a cause now claims the votive lyre,
And bids remembrance catch poetic fire,
Bids e'en the humblest muse attempt to sing,
And feebly touch Apollo's silken string.
What! though no raptur'd bard the tale rehearse,
Nor thoughts sublime adorn the simple verse,
Yet shall the gen'rous soul, to virtue dear!
Pay the sad tribute of a heartfelt tear.
Perhaps some eye, which kindred woes suffuse,
Awake to pity, shall these lines peruse,
And conscious own, e'en as each tear shall flow,
That (source of bliss, sole antidote of woe!)

Virtue alone can teach the heart to bear
The ranc'rous sting of agonizing care.
Alone can stem th' impetuous tide of fate,
Or waft the spirit to a better state.
  And should pale av'rice the sad story hear,
Oh may he yet relax his brows severe!
Yet learn, that riches can no joys impart,
When sickly anguish rankles in the heart.
When stern remorse shall cloud each future day,
And soothing hope impart no lenient ray:
When death has op'd the cold, the silent tomb,
And round the victim spread his friendly gloom;
Has left the cruel sire but keen regret
For guilty deeds which he can ne'er forget.
  Rear'd in the lap of luxury and ease,
Possess'd of all that e'er in wealth could please,
Eighteen progressive suns had o'er her flown,
And mark'd Almeria virtue's child alone.
Guided by pure religion's hallow'd sway,
Her bosom felt and own'd the genial ray.
By pomp surrounded, and by glitt'ring state,
(Those gaudy phantoms of the rich and great;
Which oft but tempting snares, their vot'ries find,
But gilded poisons to corrode the mind)
Yet was Almeria humble, gen'rous, meek,
Virtue her heart, and peace illum'd her cheek.

Sweet, sainted charity her breast inclin'd,
To feel for ev'ry woe of human kind.
How oft beside the wretched mourner's bed,
Where sickness laid it's weary, aching head,
When the worn soul in anguish pray'd for death,
And sigh'd to yield the half-expiring breath,
Would fair Almeria sit—with sweetest pow'r,
Give consolation in th' afflictive hour;
The pallid suff'rer teach to bow submiss,
And view, from sorrow's couch, a world of bliss:
Chase each dark vapour from the doubtful sight,
And shew the joys of intellectual light.
Or, when some matron, early doom'd to mourn
The much-lov'd husband from her bosom torn,
Sought for her helpless infants sad relief,
(Herself abandon'd to unsolac'd grief)
With eager joy the boon Almeria gave,
Her heart delighted with the pow'r to save.
Though riches smil'd propitious on her birth,
Yet her best riches were—interior worth.
Her deeds were nobler than her titled name,
And virtue sounded the loud trump of fame.
Her father, but in name to her allied,
Nurs'd in his soul fell avarice and pride,
And all the fiery passions, which destroy
Sweet, gentle peace, and banish social joy.

Though fortune heap'd for him a golden store,
Though splendour, titles, and superior pow'r,
Were each his own; yet still unjoy'd, unblest,
Black discontent sat on his goaded breast.
His lovely daughter vainly strove to please,
For his torn bosom, like the foaming seas
When growling storms obscure the face of day,
And Sol, affrighted, hides his lambent ray,
Repell'd each effort to subdue it's rage,
Nought could allay, and nought it's force assuage.
Long had Leander, in Almeria's breast,
Liv'd fondly cherish'd as it's chosen guest.
An equal flame inspir'd the gen'rous youth,
Won by the charms of innocence and truth:
For softness, sweetness, virtue was her own,
Her beauty yielded to her worth alone.
But ah! frail fortune, fickle, ever blind,
Who oft when most desir'd, is most unkind,
Who slights the charms which gen'rous nature gives,
And with gay pomp, and titled grandeur lives,
Frown'd on Leander with severest hate,
And arm'd with ranc'rous sting the shaft of fate.
For, ne'er Acasto would his child bestow,
Ne'er should Almeria give the sacred vow,
But where proud fortune shed her brighest rays,
And wealth, uncounted, glitt'ring charms displays.

Full well Leander knew this hard behest,
Full deep it sunk in his conflicting breast,
As pointed arrows, whose envenom'd dart,
Corrode the stream which mantles in the heart.
Yet ah! could worth, and beauty be resign'd
But to delight a base and sordid mind?
To fill with useless wealth the heapy store
Of him, whose cold, inhospitable door,
Ne'er op'd to bid the mourner cease to sigh,
Or stop the tears which dimm'd th' imploring eye.
Where no glad voice return'd, for favours giv'n,
The sacred incense which ascends to Heav'n.
How oft, (in vain alas!) the youth deplor'd,
That she, whom long his bosom had ador'd,
Should e'er be born, be destin'd e'er by fate,
To titled splendour, and the pride of state.
Ah! how far happier had he deem'd her lot,
If, the sweet inmate of an humble cot,
By virtue dignifi'd, and spotless worth,
(Far more attractive than a titled birth)
Beauteous Almeria had adorn'd the plain,
The happy daughter of some toiling swain!
No boding fears had then his soul alarm'd,
By virtue charming, still by virtue charm'd,
Soft, and unruffled life had pass'd away,
Their bliss encreasing with each added day.

But, though pale dread oft whisper'd in his ear,
That from Acasto he had much to fear;
Yet still sweet hope her soothing lustre shed,
With genial pow'r sustain'd his drooping head.
Bade at her touch bright happiness appear,
And long-lost peace his wounded bosom chear:
E'en urg'd his heart to tempt the beauteous fair,
His humble lot, it's simple joys to share;
To quit her father, bid adieu to wealth,
Content with virtue, competence, and health;
In secret bands to join their mutual love,
And light the torch in Hymen's sacred grove.
What! though no dazzling state their nuptials hail,
Nor fortune, (fickle as the passing gale!)
With voice auspicious, bade their bosoms know
The tinsel pleasures which her smiles bestow;
Yet, then no more should tyranny impart
It's iron force to tear the virtuous heart;
No more fell av'rice, with contagious pow'r,
Should fill with sickly dread, each future hour;
Should bid the heavy moments, (long as years)
Slowly pass on replete with ceaseless cares.
But, though the purest love the maid confest,
Though Cupid sat triumphant on her breast;
Yet could she ne'er consent her sire to scorn,
To leave him wretched, helpless, and forlorn.

Long-cherish'd duty urg'd the sacred tie,
From it's strong claims forbade her soul to fly;
Call'd on each softer thought to yield it's sway,
Nor rashly tear those primal cords away.
"Oh! yet" she cried, "Leander, deign to hear,
"Let reason urge, and blinded love forbear.
"How oft do fragrant flow'rs their sweets impart,
"E'en whilst the canker gnaws the tender heart!
"Oh, think how soon must Cupid's torch expire,
"When injur'd duty blasts the sacred fire;
"When dire remorse shall scatter far away
"The genial flame which shed so sweet a ray.
"How couldst thou ever hope sweet peace to prove,
"Or, e'er respect the object of thy love,
"When in her virtue thou couldst ne'er confide?
"For ah! she sinn'd when she became thy bride.
"Would not each thought the latent deed portray,
"And to thy fancy bring the fatal day,
"When thy Almeria at the altar bow'd,
"Tore from her sire the faith to thee she vow'd?
"Oh know'st thou not what direful woes await
("The frowns of virtue, and the storms of fate!)
"The wretch whose heart no gratitude can move,
"Who breaks the silken ties of filial love;
"Who flies her parent in declining years,
"Deaf to his pray'rs, unmindful of his cares?

"Whilst he left desolate, unaided, sad,
"No child to watch beside his chearless bed,
"With softest tenderness to court repose,
"And sweetly lull to peace his latent woes,
"From his worn cheeks to wipe the briny tears,
"And give sweet solace to his silver hairs;
"Perhaps, with dying breath, may curses crave,
"To blast the life of her whose life he gave.
"Oh ne'er, Leander, with this thought imprest,
"Ne'er whilst pale dread appals my conscious breast,
"Will I approach the hallow'd, sacred shrine,
"Or, with a soul of guilt be ever thine.
"Too pure my love, too tender of thy fame,
"To join thy spotless to a tainted name.
"Think'st thou this heart would e'er from grief be free,
"Whilst it deserv'd reproach and scorn from thee?
"Whilst goaded conscience like a harpy pale,
"Low in mine ear should tell the direful tale,
"Should fill my soul e'en with demoniac pain,
"And tinge my future fate with deepest stain.
"Would not distrust thy conscious bosom fill,
"And sickly dread presage each coming ill,
"When with a wife thy future days must flow,
"Who felt that keenest pang—to merit woe?"
"Oh stop" Leander cried, "these thoughts forbear,
"Which wound my soul, my grief-worn bosom tear!

"And dost thou think this heart could ever prove
"Traitrous to thee, to honour, and to love?
"Oh yet, Almeria, yet thy lover hear,
"For by each tie, by holy faith I swear,
"That as the rock 'gainst which the tempests beat,
"And livid lightnings point the forky heat,
"Even e'en as that shall my affection live,
"Nor feel the changes time or fate may give."
"How vain," Almeria said, "are words like these,
"Neglected duty, conscience to appease?
"For should thy love immoveable remain,
"Firm as the oak upon the flow'ry plain,
"Yet from my heart could it the dart extract?
"Could I, with conscious truth, myself respect?
"Would not thy worth, thy gen'rous actions seem
"To sink me lower in my own esteem,
"As oft I felt that virtue so refin'd,
"Deserv'd a spotless, and a kindred mind?
"Ah still would keen remembrance heave the sigh,
"Still would pale sorrow fill my pensive eye,
"E'en though thy love, by tender pity led,
"Should soothe the heart which secret anguish fed!
"For, though affection may pale grief assuage,
"May charm despair, or calm tyrannic rage,
"Yet o'er remorse no pleasure can it shed,
"No joy to raise the guilt-dejected head.

"For, where some sparks of gen'rous fire remain,
"What in the soul can strike such deep-felt pain,
"As to receive, not cold contempt, or hate,
"Or the proud scorn which waits a fallen state,
"But all that sweet affection can impart,
"All that can renovate, or charm the heart,
"Whilst conscious truth must in the bosom own,
"That stern reproach was merited alone?"
Yet unconvinc'd, Leander deeply sigh'd,
Whilst, with big anguish, ill-suppress'd, he cried
"Wilt thou with iron hand my peace corrode,
"And rob my soul of hope, it's only good!
"Wilt thou bid sad despondence, gloomy care,
"Transfix my breast, and find their empire there?
"Must ling'ring torture, like some vengeful fiend,
"Inflict deep pangs which death alone can end?
"Perhaps my doom to see the beauteous prize,
"Giv'n to cold, senseless, undesiring eyes;
"To some base wretch who seeks the bridal hour,
"But to encrease his wealth, extend his pow'r;
"To doom his victim to a life of woe,
"And bid each day in ceaseless sorrow flow.
"Oh e'er I live to see the fatal morn,
"Myself rejected, and my love a scorn,
"I'll seek that aid the wretched ever crave,
"And hide my sorrows in the silent grave.

"Some chilly vault my weary limbs shall shroud,
"And veil my wretched fate with thickest cloud."
He said—and seem'd to cold despair resign'd,
To each dark vision which corrodes the mind.
Whilst from his bosom rush'd the heavy sigh,
And deep-felt anguish glisten'd in his eye.
Almeria saw—then fearful, fault'ring cried,
"Oh lov'd Leander, to my soul allied!
"Oh wherefore thus do varying passions flow,
"Unfaught by reason, just controul, to know;
"Ah learn, nor weakly yield to vain regret,
"Though reason triumphs, love can ne'er forget.
"Firm it remains, the charm, the bliss of life,
"Disdaining change, a foe to haggard strife,
"Pure, and unspotted as the mountain snow,
"Firm as the oak which crowns it's hoary brow,
"When virtue bids the sacred flame endure,
"And with perennial ardour burn secure.
"Let then each doubt quick from thy soul depart,
"And live unrival'd in my constant heart.
"In some propitious hour my sire may bend
"His firm resolves, and prove his daughter's friend;
"He yet may yield to soft affection's voice,
"And with a parent's smile approve her choice."
As some despairing seaman, tost on high
By the rude blast, which seems to shake the sky,

When darkest clouds steal from the cave of night,
And chase the vivid beams of friendly light;
Low in the pauses of the angry gales,
Chill death, with threat'ning sound, his ear assails,
Seems from his soul each cherish'd hope to tear,
And bids his bosom yield to trembling fear,
As o'er the prow despending, sad he bends,
And mourns with bitt'rest grief, his much-lov'd friends,
A pallid light shews on the heaving wave,
The deep abyss which opes to form his grave,
He casts to Heav'n a mute, enquiring eye,
Then folds his arms, and stands prepar'd to die.
When quick the clouds disperse, the thunder cease,
The murm'ring billows gently sink to peace;
Pale Luna sheds again her placid rays,
And on the glassy surface quiv'ring plays.
The mourner's bosom, which, so late, pale dread
With deepest horror, and with anguish fed,
To these fell pow'rs, convulsive, beats no more,
He sees, though distant, the beloved shore;
Where all that forms the bliss he seeks on earth,
Long try'd affection, and intrinsic worth,
Shall hail with sweetest sounds his glad return,
And bid his breast for ever cease to mourn.
E'en so Leander,—ev'ry latent dread,
Which his sunk heart with deep despondence fed,

Seem'd now to fade, as hope's effulgent beam
Threw o'er the darken'd scene her vivid gleam;
Shew'd sweet perspective blessings yet in store,
When tyranny, unjust, should wound no more.
He check'd the sigh which on his lips yet hung,
The fond complaint which linger'd on his tongue,
And saw, though distant, love and peace combine
The fairest olive round his brow to 'twine;
When sweet domestic joys should crown his lot,
And pallid care, for ever, be forgot.

CANTO 2.

But now chill ev'ning, deck'd in matron hue,
Quick o'er the world her sable curtains drew.
The simple swain, with pipe of oaten reed,
Bids labour rest, and trips the daisy'd mead;
Or seeks the shed, where love, connubial meets
His glad return, and soft his bosom greets;
Where wholesome viands grace the simple board,
And the glad spaniel frisks around his lord.
Whilst busy children, whom gay sports engage,
Watch'd by fond matrons, or attentive age,
(Who sit reclin'd beneath the honey'd bow'r,
And pass in social talk the ev'ning hour)

Throw the light ball, or run the mazy round,
Or fearless wrestle, or athletic bound.
In happy innocence supremely blest,
No thorn, no sorrow rankles in the breast.
Quick fly the hours, night mounts her gloomy car,
And golden Phœbus hastes to worlds afar.
Now twinkling stars with brightest charms appear,
And give new lustre to the vaulted sphere.
Whilst Philomela chants the woods among,
And wakes soft echo with her plaintive song;
Not e'en a zephyr moves the pliant leaves,
Nor the calm bosom of the ocean heaves:
But stillness, couch'd upon the breast of night,
Sees her own season with renew'd delight.
Soft in the air each vary'd accent flows,
And strains, harmonious, sweeten e'en repose;
Skim through the air, and bid each murmur cease,
Charm the wrapt ear, and lull the soul to peace.
Call'd by her father, to the festive hall,
The fair Almeria sought the splendid hall.
But ah! what charms can festive joys impart,
When pining grief corrodes the sighing heart?
Could e'er their pow'r teach woe or pain to please,
Or bid the wounded bosom taste of ease?
How oft the form which moves to seeming joy,
Some griefs conceal'd, some latent pangs destroy;

In vain forc'd smiles,—fond pleasures quickly fade,
And anguish sighs beneath the gay brocade.
E'en mirth, with all her pow'rs, then fails to chear,
And ev'ry smile is follow'd by a tear;
When sad regret alone the bosom fills,
And thought, affrighted, starts from dreaded ills;
Though prudence hides from ev'ry prying eye,
The useless tear, the unavailing sigh.
So looks some beauteous shrub, whose vernant charms
Delight the view, the passing breeze embalms,
Whilst yet the canker gnaws it's heart away,
And dooms it's sweets to unperceiv'd decay.
Long ere the motley train to rest withdrew,
Blithe morning shed around her saffron hue;
Chas'd each dark shadow to night's gloomy cave,
And threw soft lustre on the refluent wave.
But ah! Almeria, who no charms could find
To lull the anguish which oppress'd her mind,
In scenes where pageantry, and splendid pride,
And tinsell'd folly, and mock joy preside:
From these she flew, to seek in sweet repose,
A short oblivion of corrossive woes;
Of those chill fears which on her bosom hung,
Mark'd ev'ry thought, to each idea clung;
Taught her in solitude, uncheck'd, to mourn,
And in society to sigh forlorn.

As on the downy pillow she reclines,
And to repose her timid mind consigns,
To Somnus thus, with fervent zeal she pray'd,
" Oh placid God! in opiate charms array'd:
" At whose soft voice consuming sorrows fly,
" Who seals with silken touch, the tear-wash'd eye.
" Who with one charm the proud, the lowly bind,
" The ermin'd monarch, and the simple hind.
" Ah! o'er my couch thy wreath of poppies shed,
" Swift let them twine around my aching head.
" Bid ev'ry wand'ring thought, each wish be still,
" And peace, sweet smiling peace, my bosom fill.
" What! though thou lov'st to dwell with sweet content,
" To charm the heart affliction ne'er has rent,
" Quick to attend at labour's ev'ning call,
" And fly, for these, the mirth-resounding hall,
" Yet oh! refuse not here thy soothing pow'r,
" Thy gentle smiles to charm the midnight hour;
" Such smiles as oft the infant brow adorn,
" Mild, calm, refreshing as the beams of morn!
" How oft o'er cradled beauty have I hung,
" When clos'd the eye, and mute the lisping tongue,
" And pond'ring, silent, on thy magic charms,
" Envy'd the cherub slumb'ring in thy arms.
" Pleas'd in the changes of the lovely face,
" Each young idea, early thought to trace—

"Life's little joys still playing round the heart,
"See spotless innocence it's bliss impart.
"Whilst round the pillow angels seem'd to wait,
"Pleas'd with the portrait of their blissful state!
Whilst thus the lovely maid her pray'r address,
The tranquil God attends her soft request;
Spreads his light pinions round her lovely brow,
And gives to virtue, what's deny'd to woe.
But ah! black malice, vengeful fiend, accurst!
Of Hell's fell inmates most abhorr'd, the worst!
Whose rankling heart, to ev'ry vice ally'd,
Hid by a garb in deepest poison dy'd,
Whose slightest touch imparts it's humid stain,
And leaves the soul to each corrosive pain,
Quick in Acasto's ear his venom pour'd,
Told him his daughter, (by a youth ador'd,
Whom neither wealth adorn'd, nor titled name,
Poor, and unknown amidst the lists of fame)
To Hymen's altar quickly would repair,
And from her breast each dutcous impulse tear,
Burst the strong cords which nature had entwin'd,
And to ingratitude, deceit resign'd,
Scorn the fond parent, whose indulgent eye
Hung o'er her youth, and could no fault descry.
Who ev'ry want, and ev'ry wish supply'd,
Gave ev'ry joy to wealth or pow'r ally'd.

Th' impatient sire, with rage, with fury burns,
And ev'ry fiend assails his breast by turns,
Big, flaming passion on his visage sate,
Quick in his hand he grasp'd the bolts of fate.
Whilst black revenge her guilty aid imparts,
And through his soul with rage infernal darts.
One moment fix'd th' unhappy lover's doom,
The wretch consigns him to an early tomb.
A murd'rous band, 'midst night's concealing shade,
To hurl dread vengeance on Leander's head,
Quick he commissions.—Fate her falchion rears,
And sable death, with hasty strides, appears.
But Heav'n, in mercy great, supernal, wise!
Who views the guilty with avenging eyes,
Who oft the murd'rer's shaft, return'd, ordains
To strike him lifeless on th' eventful plains;
Now arm'd Leander with resistless pow'r,
Bade retribution all her vengeance show'r,
And stern-ey'd justice guide the flaming rod,
The fiery bolts of an offended God.
Slow in the pauses of the dying gale,
Which, sighing, skimm'd the bosom of the vale,
Each dark assassin's direful groans arise,
E'en to the portal of o'er-arching skies;
But no admittance there such groans could find,
Scorn'd they return, and die upon the wind;

Not by atonement rais'd, from pain they flow,
Not from repentance sprung, but bitt'rest woe:
  Hence even mercy shuts th' eternal gate,
E'en whilst she mourns pale guilt's unchanging fate;
E'en whilst she sees the murd'rer's breath expire,
And the last spark extinct of vital fire;
Beholds each ghost slow, unreturning, go,
With hagged visage to the realms below.
  As the tir'd hart, when cruel foes pursue,
By one bold effort 'scapes their deathful view,
  Flies to some wood's impervious, deep recess,
And feel sweet joy succeed to past distress;
'Till (thought oppressive! dreadful to his mind!)
The fond companions, he so late resign'd,
Rush'd to his view, and turn his joy to care,
His blooming hopes to meagre, wan despair.
He turns impulsive—yet nor dares to go,
Nor brave again the dangers of the foe.
Sunk is his heart—big sorrow fills his eyes,
And ev'ry breeze wafts his despending sighs.
  E'en so Leander,—though from death preserv'd,
Yet bitt'rest anguish rill his soul unnerv'd.
Torn from the object to his breast most dear,
Poor were the joys which life afforded here!
Too well he knew the author of his woes,
Too well he knew from whom the edict rose,

Whilst yet gay youth it's op'ning honours gave,
Unseen to hurl him to the silent grave.
Big apprehension sat upon his breast,
And ev'ry woe, in form gigantic drest.
Deep from his soul escap'd the hollow sigh,
And chill despair transfix'd his viewless eye;
Seem'd e'en to stop life's renovating heat,
And bid the quick pulsation cease to beat;
Whilst anguish flew through each deserted vein,
And to the soul diffus'd acutest pain.
And must no more Almeria greet his sight?
His first, best love, his treasure, his delight?
Ne'er must her soothing voice bid trouble cease?
That voice, the gentle harbinger of peace!
Must time no more, in social converse flow,
But ev'ry day be mark'd by added woe?
Whilst she he lov'd must all his sorrows share,
And by partaking, double ev'ry care.
For, could he know that she but tasted bliss,
Unmurm'ring he to grief had bow'd submiss,—
Could he but know no tear escap'd her eye,
No pangs awak'd the agonizing sigh,
But sweet, in ceaseless smiles each day should pass,
And ev'ry day in bliss the last surpass.
But ah! Almeria now was doom'd to bear
Pale-ey'd regret, and deep corroding care;

And from her sire all that revenge imparts,
Or raging anger's fiercely-venom'd darts;
Whilst sad Leander must no more return,
But long in bitt'rest exile vainly mourn;
Must seek some cell and pine his life away,
Or early droop in premature decay.
Vain e'en his worth, his promis'd virtues vain!
Like the young oak which grac'd the verdant plain,
Ere vengeful lightnings arm'd the forky dart,
And stopp'd the vivid stream which warm'd the heart;
Too soon he falls, his little day is o'er,
He blooms, he dies, delights, and charms no more.
Soon as the twinkling stars began to fade,
And Sol's bright rays dispers'd each ling'ring shade;
Full of revenge, of black, of direful hate,
Of rage unsated, by Leander's fate,
(For in the forest hid,—Acasto view'd
Each guilty murd'rer in his blood imbru'd;
Whilst safe, unhurt he saw the victim fly,
And ev'ry terror of the grave defy)
The tyrant sire his trembling child addrest,
And shook the father from his iron breast.
Of ev'ry vice, degrading to the soul,
Meanly indulg'd, indulg'd without controul,
Loud he accus'd her,—then with fiendful joy,
Happy each hope, each solace to destroy,

He bids her know Leander's early doom,
Coldly enshrin'd within the silent tomb;
Where each presumptuous, daring thought suppress,
No longer wanton'd in his coward breast;
No more aspir'd a guilty child to move;
Or tempt a daughter from her father's love.
With pallid horror, and with wild affright,
Whilst her speech fail'd, and dim her joyless sight,
Almeria heard,—her heart convulsive beat,
Quick from her cheek fled life's effulgent heat;
Her pow'rless soul seem'd sunk in chaos drear,
Oppress'd by horror, agony, and fear!
Yet, from her bosom 'scap'd no heavy sigh;
No hallow'd tear suffus'd her viewless eye;
Nor to her woes gave soft though sad relief,—
Fix'd she remain'd a monument of grief,—
Perception lost—one pow'r alone remain'd,
Whose iron sceptre, deadly venom stain'd,
Pale mem'ry—she upon her gloomy throne,
Sat the grim empress of her soul alone.
When thus Acasto from her heart had torn
Each hope, each solace,—bade her vainly mourn;
In widow'd anguish pass her life away,
And added sorrows usher ev'ry day,
Quick he commands her to prepare, and go
"To dreary wastes of solitude and woe.

"Where her unduteous heart should learn controul,
"And keen repentance sting her haughty soul."
Th' unjust reproach Almeria heard with scorn,
With the firm dignity of virtue born.
On her pale cheek submission mildly sate,
And met, unmurm'ring, the decrees of fate.
Though bow'd by sorrow, though deprest by care,
Though the dark fiend unjoyous, mute despair
Lower'd o'er her brow, the victim heart to bind,
Yet still she bow'd to God, her soul resign'd;
Invok'd his gracious pow'r her mind to arm,
Her faith to strengthen, and her sorrows calm.
Torn from each object which she long had lov'd,
From the sweet groves where, when a child, she rov'd,
From nameless forms still to her bosom dear,
Which claim'd the parting, tributary tear,
Sadly her eye to ev'ry object clung,
Whilst bitt'rest grief her gentle bosom wrung.
She saw in distance the lov'd spot decrease,
Where first her bosom hail'd the cherub peace,
Where tranquil pleasures ever met her view,
And soft, on downy wings, each moment flew.
The village spire now tow'ring o'er the trees,
And it's bright fane which mov'd with ev'ry breeze,
The smiling vale, the gently-murm'ring rill,
The tufted wood, the sheep-besprinkled hill,

All seem'd to claim one sad, one parting look,
Ere she their precincts, long-belov'd, forsook.
But ah! from these, too swiftly borne away,
Associate joys no more impart their ray!
Far where green Ocean from his northern cave,
Rears, oft terrific, the presaging wave,
Where threat'ning rocks distend their awful brow,
White as the Alpine summits crown'd with snow;
Erewhile the terror of each hostile band,
When loud contention tore the bleeding land,
An antient castle, now decay'd by time,
Rears it's bold front, in ruins e'en sublime.—
It's massy turrets, in large fragments fall'n,
Lay, rudely scatter'd, on the grass-grown lawn.
Here the tall thistle, of it's empire proud,
High branching weeds which ev'ry zephyr bow'd,
Usurp'd the place where once the garden grew,
When blushing flow'rets charm'd the eager view,
Where once the rose it's musky odours shed,
And the tall lilly rear'd it's silken head—
Here, where gay beauty trod th' enamell'd way,
And stately grandeur often lov'd to stray,
Where festive mirth reign'd in the steel-clad hall,
And antient splendor grac'd the midnight ball,
The pois'nous snake bask'd, fearless, in the sun,
And desolation ev'ry spot o'errun.

The blooming beauty in cold death was laid,
And grandeur's self, a winding sheet array'd;
Sunk was the voice of mirth—'twas heard no more!
Affrighted pleasure fled the bolted door;
As ev'ry social comfort pass'd away,
And lord and mansion hasten'd to decay.
To this abode Almeria swift was borne,
From ev'ry early tie unkindly torn.
Silence and solitude, to sorrow dear,
Were all that charm'd the mourner's bosom here.
How oft when sable ev'ning, clad in dew,
Threw o'er the slumb'ring world her murky hue,
Would sad Almeria musing, sit and weep,
And mix her tears with the low murm'ring deep,
When the pale moon her silver radiance gave,
And with soft lustre skimm'd the silent wave.
For ah! no pow'r could from her bosom tear
Leander's image, fondly cherish'd there!
Source of regret, and once of tend'rest bliss,
Rever'd in other worlds, belov'd in this!
What poignant sorrows for his fate arise,
Swell in her breast, and dim her joyless eyes.
Day follow'd day in big, though silent grief,
Whilst nought around her could afford relief.
So deep affliction strikes her barbed dart,
Whilst vivid youth gay mantles in the heart;

When blooming life is in it's early spring,
And smiling hope soars on her lightest wing;
When expectation on her airy seat,
To purest pleasures bids the bosom beat.
Not so maturer years—inur'd to woe,
To the black stream which still with life's must flow,
Submission claims, what hope alone possess'd,
And calms the storm which ravag'd in the breast.
She calls religion from her native sphere,
And bids the soul become immortal here.
But ah Acasto (base, ungen'rous thought,
Of av'rice sprung, by meanest passions taught)
Bids e'en unceasing woes Almeria prove,
And mourn with keener pangs her widow'd love.
Bids life's gay morn the darkest clouds o'ershade,
And e'en in early bloom begin to fade:
For to Lorenzo's arms the beauteous maid,
(Whom ev'ry virtue, ev'ry charm array'd)
He dooms relentless—scorns her ardent pray'rs,
Mocks her deep sighs, and ridicules her tears;
Tells her e'en thrice the orient sun shall dawn,
With golden honours deck the flow'ry lawn,
She, at the altar, as a bride, shall bow,
And to Lorenzo give the sacred vow;
To him, whose countless wealth (his only store)
Gave all Acasto wish'd, he sought no more.

Lorenzo—bow'd by age's chilly blast,
For sixty winters o'er his head had pass'd,
Nor had they given what hoary age endears,
Virtue matur'd, the boast of silver hairs!
A mind which pure religion only guides,
A soul unshaken, which in God confides;
Which, wean'd from life, and all it's empty joys,
It's gaudy visions, and it's glitt'ring toys,
Leans on that hope which promis'd mercy gave,
And looks for peace and rest beyond the grave.
Not so Lorenzo—age to him had given
No tranquil views of bliss enjoy'd in Heav'n.
Fell vice his life had mark'd, and left no ray
To chear the ev'ning of a cloudy day.
Grim conscience sat within his goaded breast,
Destroy'd each hope, and robb'd his soul of rest.
Yet to this wretch Acasto doom'd his child,
Nor heeded aught where golden Plutus smil'd.
Wealth in his mind gave all that charm'd on earth,
He in the balance disregarded worth.
Nought from his scorn had titled vice to fear,
Nor lowly worth aught which to him was dear.
He laugh'd at virtue as an idle name,
Which rarely led to pow'r, to pomp, or fame.
Quick sunk Almeria's heart oppress'd by fear,
When the dread mandate sounded in her ear.

For ah! some solace would it yet have been,
To pine in secret, and to mourn unseen:
To pour, unheard, the pangs of sad regret,
To weep the lover she could ne'er forget;
To sigh to passing winds without a fear,
And hear his name responded with a tear.
What! though no marble o'er his corse was rais'd,
No sculptur'd urn his early virtues prais'd,
Yet in her breast each hallow'd rite was paid,
There mem'ry wept o'er his reclining shade.
There ev'ry honour the pale shrine adorn'd,
And love and virtue o'er his ashes mourn'd.
No longer rosy health illum'd her brow,
No more those smiles which from contentment flow,
No more that fire which sparkled in her eye,
Which with the diamond's lustre once might vie;
But ling'ring sorrow on her bosom fed,
And hope, and peace, and ev'ry joy was fled.
"Ah" she would say, "could my Leander see
"That thus I'm forc'd to bend th' unwilling knee
"With him my soul abhors; would he not fly
"T' avert the dreadful, hated destiny?
"To snatch the victim from a tyrant's pow'r,
"And save Almeria in the fateful hour."
Yet—would her father unresisting bear
To see his child (chief object of his care).

Torn from his arms, e'en from the altar torn,
By him he loath'd, his horror, and his scorn?
Would not revenge and fury fire his breast,
And kindling passion, ne'er by him represt,
Impel his bosom to some deed of hate,
Perhaps, t' anticipate the work of fate?
Or, even worse, might not Leander's rage,
Urge him in guilty contest to engage?
Might he not arm against her hoary sire,
And sway'd by vengeance, and terrific ire,
Hurl dread destruction on Acasto's head,
And leave him number'd with the silent dead.
Whilst she, for whom the youth had plung'd in guilt,
Who, in her cause, her father's blood had spilt,
Should see that youth by justice snatch'd away,
His forfeit life, (the price of blood to pay)
Quick in her soul must ev'ry hope expire,
Left sad to weep her lover and her sire—
To know that guilt had stain'd her spotless name,
And black opprobium mark'd her future fame.
Ah! when of this she thought, a transient ray
Warm'd her chill soul that death had snatch'd away,
Him, who alone had liv'd to grief and hate,
Or seen disgrace tinge deep the bolt of fate;
Who must have left the maid he lov'd forlorn,
Or liv'd to anguish, to reproach, and scorn.

Ah where from sorrow could Almeria fly?
What hand would wipe the tears which dimm'd her eye?
What soothing voice would consolation pour,
Whose aid support her in the dreadful hour?
Who bid the torrent, which o'erwhelming roll'd
With force terrific, fateful, uncontroul'd,
Stop it's career? who stem it's angry tide,
Lull it's rude waves, and bid it's pow'r subside?
He, he alone, omnipotent, and just,
The friend of worth, and worth's unshaken trust.
Who o'er the couch of woe bids angels bend,
And suff'ring virtue e'en on earth befriend:
With ray divine, the grief-worn soul illume,
And chase the mists which spread a mental gloom.
To him Almeria rais'd her ardent pray'r,
Besought his aid to solace, and to chear;
To lift her soul from earth to bliss on high,
And think of woes endur'd, without a sigh.
"Oh thou," she cried, "who dwell'st in yonder sphere,
"Where ne'er is felt a pang, ne'er flows a tear!
"Ah view thy servant humbled in the dust,
"Afflicted, scorn'd, thy love her only trust.
"Yet if her suff'rings are thy wise decree,
"Wisdom directs—she bows resign'd to thee.

"Nor seeks to pierce the depths beyond her sight,
"By thee, whate'er ordain'd is ever right!"
"Yet ah! on human weakness look benign,
"Bid holy faith with radiant lustre shine;
"And guard the soul from each repining thought,
"By frailty nurtur'd, or by by folly taught.
"Bid meek submission o'er the will preside,
"And banish every doubt of erring pride.
"What! though to me the mandate dread appears,
"Which gives to anguish all my future years,
"Yet as thy boundless eye th' effect can see
"Of all that is, of all ordain'd to be,
"No more I doubt,—each murm'ring thought represt,
"Submission only occupies my breast.
"To thee resign'd,—with humble soul I bend,
"My hope, my guide, my parent, judge, and friend!"

CANTO 3.

Now golden Phœbus seeks his western bed,
And quickly sinks behind the mountain's head,
With parting lustre decks the smiling plain,
And tints with brighter hue the waving grain.
The whisp'ring zephyr gently dies away,
And not a songster tunes his dulcet lay.

Soft stillness reigns—the grass in dewy vest,
Cradles the fleecy world in tranquil rest.
Each beauteous flow'r imbibes the cooling shade,
And lifts, refresh'd, it's lately drooping head.
To the lone turret, slow, Almeria goes,
To pour on ev'ning's ear her latent woes.
But the sweet scene with magic beauty charms,
Lulls poignant griefs and e'en remembrance calms.
Repose seem'd cradled on the level deep,
And softly lull'd each refluent wave to sleep;
Save where the finny tribe, (whom ev'ning calls
From crystal palaces, and shell-crown'd halls)
Gay sported round, in ever restless maze,
And caught pale Luna's first, imperfect rays.
Or, where the ship, whose broad expansive sail,
No more could catch the sighing summer gale,
Skimm'd with the tide along the beauteous plain,
And broke the glassy surface of the main.
Whilst the lone sailor sang his plaintive song,
By softest echoes gently borne along;
Told the sad tale of all his breast endur'd,
When from his arms, by glitt'ring wealth allur'd,
The faithless maiden fled, and scorn'd his love,
And doom'd him sad, despairing, still to rove,
To brave the dangers of the stormy seas,
Nor find in changing climes, the truant, ease;

From north to south, from either poles' extremes,
Sweet hope and joy to him were airy dreams,
Were passing visions, which a moment bright,
Charm'd, with delusive rays, th' enraptur'd sight;
Then quickly vanish'd in the troubled air,
And left the soul to each returning care.

Pensive, Almeria stood, and listen'd long,
'Till distance swept away the mourner's song.
Unconscious, then she gaz'd on all around,
Nor scarce perceiv'd she'd lost the plaintive sound.
When sudden on the air such strains ascend,
As list'ning angels from their choirs attend,
When softest music swells the golden lyre,
And rapt attention feels seraphic fire.

But ah the strains alone celestial were,
The words were mortal for they breath'd of care.
Silent, enraptur'd, struck with quick surprize,
Whilst her pale cheek was ting'd with deepest dyes,
Almeria heard—with hope, with trembling fear,
And wonder stopp'd the sorrow-breathing tear.
Not long she stood, ere she a youth descry'd,
Who tun'd his lute beside the silver tide;
Long auburn ringlets o'er his shoulders hung,
And a loose plaid around his waist was flung;
High nodding plumes his Scottish bonnet grac'd,
And scarlet sandals round his legs were lac'd.

He seem'd some gallant youth from Scotia's shore,
Well skill'd in strains of legendary lore;
Slow he advanc'd to where Almeria stood,
Close by the bound'ry of the twinkling flood—
Though grace and beauty sat upon his brow,
Yet o'er their charms hung deep terrific woe.
She gaz'd—she saw—then terror, wild affright,
Joy, transport, big, uncheck'd delight,
Seiz'd on her heart,—when, each disguise explor'd,
She view'd the lover whom she still ador'd.
Again she look'd, fearful that aught misled
Her eager eye—that aught delusive, fed
Her joyous soul—" 'tis he, 'tis he," she cried,
" My bosom's lord, it's refuge, joy, and pride."
With hope entranc'd, to bliss alone resign'd,
Extatic pleasure fill'd her raptur'd mind.
When soon the youth, who starting, gazing round,
To see from whence arose the well-known sound,
Perceiv'd the maid—quick dropt the dulcet lute,
Excess of transport kept his bosom mute;
Whilst sparkling pleasure fill'd his eager eye,
When from the tow'r he saw Almeria fly,
And hasten to him on the sea-wash'd shore,
Where sad despondence fill'd his breast no more.
" Welcome," she cry'd, " Leander, welcome here,
" Thou more than ever to my bosom dear!

"What bliss to see thee once again return,
"E'en whilst I sorrow'd o'er thy fancy'd urn.
"I ask thee not how thou hast 'scap'd the grave,
"Just Heav'n alone thy valued life could save.
"With joy I hail thee to my heart restor'd,
"And trust thy loss shall be no more deplor'd."
"Ah! my Almeria," quick the youth reply'd,
"Now shew thy love, and in my faith confide.
"Oh! couldst thou all the pangs, the conflicts see,
"My soul endur'd, when distant far from thee,
"No more in absence woulsdt thou bid me mourn,
"From ev'ry joy, from ev'ry solace torn.
"Oh yet consent the sacred bands to twine,
"And join thy future destiny with mine!
"From love, from purest love this wish proceeds,
"Think of thy father—how my bosom bleeds,
"When I reflect that he may yet impart
"The bitt'rest anguish to each constant heart.
"And shouldst thou to his will obedience pay,
"And banish me far from thy sight away,
"Dost thou suppose that would his bliss encrease,
"Or teach his wayward soul to taste of peace?
"Still would he wish for greater wealth or pow'r,
"Still discontent would goad his lonely hour;
"Still would he pine if one more rich appear'd,
"One more was honour'd, more admir'd, or fear'd.

"And dost thou think that duty e'er design'd
"Thy faith, thy love, thy peace should be resign'd,
"Because a tyrant bids thee fear his will?"
"Ah! know that tyrant is my father still,"
Almeria said,—"yet think not e'er I'd feign,
"Or start objections but to give thee pain:
"Oh no Leander—I would have thee trace
"My heart's emotions in my glowing face;
"Would have thee in my words, my bosom see,
"Each thought, each wish, each hope unveil'd to thee.
"For, what so high a censure on the mind,
"What shews a heart so much to guilt inclin'd,
"As to have thoughts which need the fiend disguise,
"To hide them from the world's all-prying eyes?
"Scorn'd be deceit—the basest fiend of Hell!
"No—what I dare to think, I dare to tell.
"Know then by cruelty, by ranc'rous hate
"Impell'd to fly—to shun a harder fate,
"Thy proffer'd offer I no more reject,
"Thy faith I honour, and thy worth respect.
"Yet still I mourn that no parental voice
"Will give it's sanction to a daughter's choice;
"No father for his child will fondly pray,
"That Heav'n may smile, and bless the bridal day;
"That future years may ever changeless prove
"The tranquil joys which wait on wedded love."

"Oh why" Leander cry'd, "should this distress
"Thy tender heart? why should these thoughts oppress?
"It is not ours to merit hate, or scorn;
"'Tis his own deed which leaves thy sire forlorn.
"When wanton pow'r will bid it's victim bleed,
"The man we pity, but detest the deed;
"With dread instinctive shun his baneful sight,
"And find security alone in flight.
"Then trust my faith—for ne'er this heart can prove
"Cold, or ungrateful to the maid I love,
"Each day shall give thee all thy hopes desire,
"A friend, protector, husband, brother, sire!
"Each day shall shew, when love and truth combine,
"And just esteem leads to the sacred shrine,
"That life in tranquil bliss will sweetly flow,
"Nor woe, untimely, mark the youthful brow.
"Oh then, when night's impervious shades are spread,
"And sleep has pillow'd ev'ry weary head,
"Consent with me in yonder bark to fly,
"Where pious hands the sacred knot shall tie;
"Then, then to England bid a long adieu,
"And as it's shores shall lessen on our view,
"Rejoice that pow'r no longer can divide,
"Nor tear the husband from his cherish'd bride.
"Far where Italia spreads her plenteous store,
"And softest zephyrs fan the fertile shore,

"The bark shall guide us—there in peace we'll live,
"And taste the pleasures worth will ever give.
"Rich in ourselves—we'll seek no useless wealth,
"Nor ask of Heav'n but innocence and health."
"Sweet" said Almeria, "is the scene portray'd,
"In fancy's brightest tints by thee array'd,
"But ah! how much we both must yet endure,
"Ere placid joys to us can be secure.
"My father's love must once again return,
"Or still in secret will my bosom mourn.
"But now, Leander, I entreat thee go,
"Nor brave the danger, should Acasto know
"That here with dauntless steps thou dar'd appear,
"And fearless to his castle gates drew near.
"What might his anger not on thee essay?
"For me, again I should be dragg'd away,
"Perhaps, for life, immur'd in some retreat,
"Where long to ceaseless woe my heart would beat.
"Then fly—nor big impending dangers brave,
"For in thy own, Almeria's peace thou save.
"Punctual this night I hither will repair,
"Thy future lot, what e'er it be to share;
"And oh! may gracious Heav'n the deed approve,
"And smile propitious on our mutual love."
"Oh gen'rous maid," th' extatic youth reply'd,
"Not, not in vain, dost thou in me confide;

"Each thought, each action, ev'ry word shall shew
"That ne'er one other wish my soul can know,
"But to promote thy happiness and peace,
"And by deserving, bid our bliss encrease.
"And ah! may years of pleasure yet in store,
"When pow'r's tyrannic influence shall be o'er,
"Reward thy love, thy constancy to me,
"And prove that fix'd, unchangeable decree,
"That worth, long-try'd, shall view each sorrow past,
"And hail contentment to it's breast at last.
"But now I go—to yonder bark I fly,
"'Till shadows veil the blue, unclouded sky.
"Adieu my love, my only joy of life,
"My soul's first treasure, my affianc'd wife!
"Here will I meet thee on the sea-wash'd shore,
"And meet, I trust, this night to part no more."
He said—then ling'ring, slow his course he bends
Along the borders of the golden sands;
Whilst the fond maid his less'ning form pursues,
Fearful one look, one valued look to lose.
And e'en when distance swept each trace away,
And fancy only shed her soothing ray,
Alone her gentle aid, her influence gave,
E'en then—borne swiftly on the refluent wave,
She saw him to the stately bark draw near,
Saw still his parting look, and dropt a tear—

And heav'd a sigh—and pray'd that Heav'n would guard,
The much-lov'd youth—his faith, his worth reward.
Then to the castle slowly she retir'd,
To that retirement now so much desir'd;
For still her father's frown sweet joy represt,
Still hung, portentious, o'er her harrass'd breast.
Yet ah could duty urge the fell decree,
Or bid her bow to Heav'n the prostrate knee,
And vow obedience where her soul abhorr'd,
And look'd with terror on it's destin'd lord?
What! though so late she shrunk with fear and dread,
When by injustice urg'd, affection led,
Leander begg'd her from her sire to fly,
From his harsh rage, his terror-darting eye,
In that true love, she long had prov'd, confide,
And to the world unknown, become a bride?
Though still her heart, ingenuous, glow'd with shame,
That fell concealment e'er should taint her name;
Yet, to escape the man she ne'er had lov'd,
To fly to him whom virtue's self approv'd,
To bow with pleasure at the Hymeneal shrine,
And see soft love the silken cords entwine,
Where, with Lorenzo, she must tread with fear,
And feel each sacred word her bosom tear,
Must hear each peal in solemn accents flow,
Sadly presaging all her future woe;

Each pang, each suff'ring, ev'ry grief declare,
A youth of anguish, and an age of care.
Each ill seem'd light, this dreaded lot to shun,
Where thorns, and noxious weeds the path o'errun.
To 'scape this fate each danger she could brave,
E'en trust her safety to the vent'rous wave,
E'en brave the vengeance of her ruthless sire,
His black displeasure, and his fateful ire.
For ah! she hop'd persuasion yet might move,
And tempt him once again his child to love;
That child, who ne'er from duty would have stray'd,
Who to his will had strict obedience paid,
Had not hard cruelty her soul oppress'd,
Aud pierc'd with iron hand her wounded breast.
But now intent to watch the varying sky,
No more suffus'd with sweet cerulean dye,
Through the low casement's ivy'd arch she sees
Encreasing murmer's shake the thick-leav'd trees.
With hollow sound they seem'd the winds to call
From Eurus' deep-mouth'd cave, his crystal hall.
The winds obey—no more the billows sleep,
But frighten'd stillness flies the troubled deep;
From north and south the loud commotions rage,
And the big horrors of a storm presage.
Almeria saw with heart appall'd by dread,
Each hope, so lately rais'd, now quickly fled.

Encreasing terrors aim'd their pois'nous dart,
And fill'd with wild affright her boding heart.
For ah! the well-known bark she soon descry'd,
Whose stately form the tempest had defy'd,
Now by each dashing wave impetuous hurl'd,
High, as the confines of the starry world;
Then instant sink with big, portentious sweep,
Low in the caverns of the hoary deep.
Full soon the low'ring clouds their stores unbent,
And deep in earth's chill breast their influence sent.
The beating rain in rapid torrents fell,
And e'en the raging surge appear'd to swell.
The deep-mouth'd thunder broke with dreadful roar,
Pale vivid lightnings blaz'd upon the floor;
The angry winds uprear'd each foaming wave,
And death, triumphant, shew'd a wat'ry grave.
Frantic—with horror struck, and pale affright,
Her hands stiff clasp'd, and fix'd her viewless sight,
Almeria stood—her heart convulsive beat,
Though scarce supported by life's vital heat.
Thick, visual darkness ev'ry form enshrin'd,
And to oblivion seem'd the world consign'd.—
Save—when the lightning flash'd with quiv'ring glare,
Darting, impetuous, through the tepid air,
And shew'd the horrors of the dreadful night,
Horrors, confirm'd by morning's long-wish'd light.

Soon in the air loud screams of anguish rise,
Then—lost amidst the tempest's hollow sighs,
They seem some vision flutt'ring in the air,
The empty phantom of delusive fear.
But ah! again they sound—Almeria starts—
Frantic look'd up—impetuous then she darts—
Then stops and listens—then again she flies,
Implores assistance with unceasing cries.
Calls on her father the lov'd youth to save,
Whom death yet gapes for on the foaming wave.
"Forgive, forgive," she cry'd, "and aid impart!"
She said—and horror froze her beating heart.
By anguish struck, by grief unceasing worn,
Her mind by long conflicting passions torn,
Senseless she fell—a prey to tyrant woe—
Each hope destroy'd by one eventful blow.
Her beauteous hair, unconscious, now she tears,
Each sparkling eye with frantic wildness glares,
Oft on Leander—oft on Heav'n she cry'd,
Then, for a moment silent, only sigh'd.
Then on her God she call'd for quick relief,
And shew'd each agony of frantic grief.
At length enfeebled—silent she remains,
Unconscious smiles, nor longer e'én complains.
But wreaths a garland for Leander's head,
And smiling sings, and courts his fancy'd shade.

Two months, two ling'ring months thus pass'd away,
Ere wand'ring reason reassum'd her sway,—
Ere mem'ry claim'd again her native sphere,
Impell'd the sigh, and caus'd the bitt'rest tear.
For ah! beneath the fury of the wave,
The hapless lover found a wat'ry grave.
No hallow'd earth his last remains receiv'd,
No pious kindred o'er his ashes griev'd;
No faithful friend hung o'er the sable bier,
Nor paid the sorrowing tribute of a tear.
But low in caves, unseen of mortal eyes,
Though mourn'd, unhonour'd, sad Leander lies.

Almeria's soul, by sorrow wean'd from earth,
Prepar'd for better worlds by spotless worth,
No longer yielded to oppressive woe,
But bade the tear of auguish cease to flow.
With meek submission kiss'd th' afflictive rod,
And with new ardour rais'd each hope to God.
Sweet resignation chas'd the fiend despair,
And drew it's poignant sting from haggard care.
Each virtue seem'd with added strength to rise,
To claim the vigour of it's native skies,
Sweet o'er Almeria's soul to shed it's ray,
And give that bliss, no grief can take away.

A few short months alone had o'er her flown,
Ere Heav'n's calm pleasure's were become her own.

With heart prepar'd, she yielded back her breath,
And met, with smiles, the welcome call of death.
Full oft her fate do weeping gazer's mourn,
And as they hang o'er the sepulchral urn,
Some rustic orator her worth declares,
How oft he saw her, e'en in infant years,
Wipe the sad tear from sorrow-streaming eyes,
And with sweet solace hush the mourner's sighs.
O'er the lone couch of feeble sickness bend,
And prove to helpless orphans—parent, friend!
Then would he tell, that when to earth consign'd,
When join'd with kindred saints, her angel mind,
The weeping villagers hung o'er her bier,
Moaning, lamenting virtue fled their sphere.
A seraph gone—whom ev'ry worth endear'd,
Whom even youth admir'd, and age rever'd.
"She," he exclaim'd, whilst tears would quickly start,
(The honest tribute of a feeling heart)
"She led to peace by virtue's even road,
"And told the mental bliss which waits the good.
"She guided others in the steps she trod,
"And shew'd, on earth, the worth which dwells with God."

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